JEAN AUCHENLECK 1793

THE GLEN COLLECTION
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Presented by Lady Dorothea Ruggles-Brise to the National Library of Scotland, in memory of her brother, Major Lord George Stewart Murray, Black Watch, killed in action in France in 1914.

28*th January* 1927.

Muſic, the mighty Artiſt, Man can Rule
As long as it has numbers, he a Soul
Dryden

J. Fraſer ſc.

Glen. 2.

# The Syren

OR

# Musical Bouquet

Being

## A new Selection

of modern Songs sung at the Various places of

## AMUSEMENT

in

# Great Britain and Ireland

EDINBURGH.
*Printed for*
Thomas Brown,
*No. 1 Head of North Bridge Street.*

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# EDINBURGH SYREN;

OR,

# *MUSICAL BOUQUET;*

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EDINBURGH:

PRINTED FOR THOMAS BROWN, BOOKSELLER,
NO I. NORTH BRIDGE STREET.

MDCCXCII.

NATIONAL LIBRARY OF SCOTLAND EDINBURGH

## *TO THE PUBLIC.*

THE firſt impreſſion of this little volume having met with ſuch a favourable reception, has induced the Publiſher to iſſue another Edition, in which is inſerted a number of new Songs not to be had in any other ſmall Collection extant, and which, he hopes, will be found ſuited to every one's taſte, if we except thoſe that would in any degree tend to put the cheek of modeſty to the bluſh: And the Publiſher, conſcious of at leaſt endea-

vouring to "*Cull the Choiceſt*," now ſends it forth, with a view to promote the harmony and happineſs of thoſe who make Vocal Muſic a part of their Amuſement.

THE

THE

# SYREN:

OR,

## *MUSICAL BOUQUET.*

### *Poor Jack.*

GO patter to lubbers and ſwabs d'ye ſee,
'Bout danger, and fear, and the like;
A tight water boat, and good ſea-room give me,
And t'ent to a little I'll ſtrike:
Tho' the tempeſt top-gallant-maſts ſmack ſmooth ſhould ſmite,
And ſhiver each ſplinter of wood,
Clear the wreck, ſtow the yards, and bouſe every thing tight,
And under reef'd foreſail we'll ſcud:
Avaſt, nor don't think me a milk-ſop ſo ſoft
To be taken for trifles aback,
For they ſay there's a Providence ſits up aloft,
To keep watch for the life of Poor Jack.

Why I heard the good chaplain palaver one day
About ſouls, heaven, mercy, and ſuch,
And, my timbers, what lingo he'd coil and belay,
Why 'twas juſt all as one as high Dutch:

But he ſaid how a ſparrow can't founder, d'ye ſee,
Without orders that comes down below,
And many fine things that prov'd clearly to me
That Providence takes us in tow;
For ſays he, do you mind me, let ſtorms e'er ſo oft
Take the top ſails of ſailors aback,
There's a ſweet little cherub that ſits up aloft,
To keep watch for the life of Poor Jack.

I ſaid to our Poll, for you ſee ſhe would cry,
When laſt we weighed anchor for ſea,
What argufies ſniv'ling and piping your eye?
Why what a damn'd fool you muſt be:
Can't you ſee the world's wide, and there's room for us all,
Both for ſeamen and lubbers aſhore;
And if to old Davy I ſhould go friend Poll,
Why you never will hear of me more:
What then, all's a hazard, come don't be ſo ſoft,
Perhaps I may laughing come back,
For d'ye ſee there's a cherub ſits ſmiling aloft,
To keep watch for the life of Poor Jack.

D'ye mind me, a ſailor ſhould be every inch
All as one as a piece of a ſhip,
And with her brave the world, without offering to flinch,
From the moment the anchor's a trip:
As for me, in all weathers, all times, ſides, and ends,
Noughts a trouble from duty that ſprings,
For my heart is my Poll's, and my rhino my friend's,
And as for my life 'tis the king's:

Even when my time's come ne'er believe me ſo ſoft
As with grief to be taken aback,
That ſame little cherub that ſits up aloft,
Will look out a good birth for Poor Jack.

---

*The Tear that bedews Senſibility's Shrine.*

Tho' Bacchus may boaſt of his care killing bowl,
And folly in thought drowning revels delight;
Such worſhip alas! hath no charms for the ſoul,
When ſofter devotions the ſenſes invite:
When ſofter devotions the ſenſes invite.

To the arrow of fate, or the canker of care,
His potions oblivious a balm may beſtow,
But to fancy that feeds on the charms of the fair,
The death of reflection's the birth of all woe.
The death, &c.

What ſoul that's poſſeſt of a dream ſo divine,
With riot would bid the ſweet viſion begone,
For the tear that bedews ſenſibility's ſhrine,
Is a drop of more worth than all Bacchus's tun.
Is a drop, &c.

The tender exceſs which enamours the heart,
To few is imparted, to millions deny'd,

'Tis the brain of the victim that tempers the dart,
And fools jeſt at that for which ſages have dy'd.
And fools, &c.

Each change and exceſs hath thro' life been my doom,
And well can I ſpeak of its joy and its ſtrife;
The bottle affords us a glimpſe thro' the gloom,
But love's the true ſunſhine that gladdens our life.
But love's, &c.

Come then, roſy Venus, and ſpread oe'r my ſight,
The magic illuſions that raviſh the ſoul,
Awake in my breaſt the ſoft dream of delight,
And drop from thy myrtle one leaf in my bowl.
And drop, &c.

Then deep will I drink of the nectar divine,
Nor e'er jolly god from the banquet remove,
But each tube of my heart ever thirſt for the wine,
That's mellow'd by friendſhip, and ſweeten'd by love.
That's mellow'd, &c.

---

*The Maid that tends the Goats.*

Up amang yon cliffy rocks,
Sweetly rings the riſing echo,
To the maid that tends the goats,
Lilting o'er her native notes.

Hark, ſhe ſings, " young Sandy's kind,
" An' he's promis'd ay to lo'e me,
" Here's a brotch I ne'er ſhall tine,
" Till he's fairly marri'd to me;
" Drive away, ye drone time,
" An' bring about our bridal day.

" Sandy herds a flock o' ſheep,
" Af'en does he blaw the whiſtle,
" In a ſtrain ſae ſaftly ſweet,
" Lam'mies liſt'ning dare nae bleat;
" He's as fleet's the mountain roe,
" Hardy as the Highland heather,
" Wading thro' the winter ſnow,
" Keeping ay his flock together:
" But a plaid, wi' bare houghs,
" He braves the bleakeſt norlin blaſt.

" Brawly he can dance and ſing
" Canty glee, or Highland cronach;
" Nane can ever match his fling
" At a reel, or round a ring;
" Wightly can he wield a rung,
" In a brawl he's ay the bangſter,
" A' his praiſe can ne'er be ſung
" By the langeſt winded ſangſter
" Sangs that ſing o' Sandy,
" Come ſhort, tho' they were e'er ſae lang.

## *How Sweet the Love.*

When firſt I ken'd young Sandy's face,
He ſung and look'd wi' ſic a grace,
He ſung and look'd wi' ſic a grace,
He ſtole my heart but did na care,
The lad he loo'd a laſs more fair,
And oft I ſung o'er brae and burn
How ſweet the love that meets return.

He loo'd a laſs wi' fickle mind,
Was ſometimes cauld and ſometimes kind,
Which made the love ſick laddie rue,
For ſhe was cauld when he was true;
He mourn'd and ſung o'er brae and burn,
How ſweet the love that meets return.

One day a pretty wreath he twin'd,
Where li'lacks with ſweet cowſlips join'd,
To make a garland for her hair,
But ſhe refus'd a gift ſo fair.
This ſcorn, he cry'd, can ne'er be borne,
But ſweet the love that meets return.

Juſt then he met my tell tale e'en,
And love ſo true is ſooneſt ſeen.
Dear laſs, ſaid he, my heart is thine,
For thy ſoft wiſhes are like mine,
Now Jenny in her turn may mourn,
How ſweet the love that meets return.

My anſwer was both frank and kind,
I loo'd the lad and tell'd my mind,
To kirk we went wi' hearty glee,
And wha ſa bleſt as he and me;
Now blithe we ſing o'er brae and burn,
How ſweet the love that meets return.

---

*When the Fancy-ſtirring Bowl.*

WHEN the fancy-ſtirring bowl
Wakes its world of pleaſure,
Glowing viſions gild my ſoul,
And life's an endleſs treaſure;
Mem'ry decks my waſted heart,
Freſh with gay deſires,
Rays divine my ſenſes dart,
And kindling hope inſpires.
Then who'd be grave,
When wine can ſave
The heavieſt ſoul from ſinking;
And magic grapes,
Give angel ſhapes
To ev'ry girl we're drinking.

Here ſweet benignity and love
Shed their influence round me,
Gather'd ills of life remove,
And leave me as they found me.
Tho' my head may ſwim, yet true
Still to nature's feeling;

Peace and beauty ſwim there too,
And rock me as I'm reeling.
Then who'd be grave, &c.

On youth's ſoft pillow tender truth
Her penſive leſſon taught me,
Age ſoon mock'd the dream of youth,
And wiſdom wak'd and caught me.
A bargain then with love I knock'd
To hold the pleaſing gipſey,
Then wiſe to keep my boſom lock'd,
But turn the key when tipſey.
Then who'd be grave, &c.

When time aſſuag'd my heated heart,
The grey-beard blind and ſimple,
Forgot to cool one little part
Juſt fluſh'd by Lucy's dimple.
That part's enough of beauty's type
To warm an honeſt fellow;
And though it touch me not when ripe,
It melts ſtill while I'm mellow.
Then who'd be grave, &c.

---

*I'd rather be excus'd.*

Returning from the fair one eve,
Acroſs yon verdant plain,
Young Harry ſaid he'd ſee me home;
A tight, a comely ſwain.

He begg'd I would a fairing take,
And would not be refus'd;
Then aſk'd a kiſs, I bluſh'd and cry'd,
I'd rather be excus'd.

You're coy, ſaid he, my pretty maid,
I mean no harm I ſwear;
Long time I have in ſecret ſigh'd
For you, my charming fair:
But if my tenderneſs offend,
And if my love's refus'd,
I'll leave you—what, alone? cry'd I,
I'd rather be excus'd.

He preſs'd my hand, and on we walk'd,
He warmly urg'd his ſuit;
But ſtill to all he ſaid I was
Moſt obſtinately mute.
At length, got home, he angry cry'd,
My fondneſs is abus'd;
Then die a maid—indeed, ſaid I,
I'd rather be excus'd.

---

## *The Jovial Tars.*

Come, come, my jolly lads!
The wind's abaft;
Briſk gales our ſails ſhall crowd.
Come buſtle, buſtle, boys,
Haul the boat;
The boatſwain pipes aloud:

The ſhip's unmoor'd;
All hands on board;
The riſing gale
Fills every ſail,
The ſhip's well man'd and ſtor'd.
Then ſling the flowing bowl—
Fond hopes ariſe—
The girls we prize
Shall bleſs each jovial ſoul:
The can, boys bring—
We'll drink and ſing,
While foaming billows roll.

Tho' to the Spaniſh coaſt
We're bound to ſteer,
We'll ſtill our rights maintain;
Then bear a hand, be ſteady, boys,
Soon we'll ſee
Old England once again:
From ſhore to ſhore
While cannons roar,
Our tars ſhall ſhow
The haughty foe,
Britannia rules the main.
Then ſling the flowing bowl, &c.

---

*Cobler of Caſtlebury.*

'Twas in a village near Caſtlebury,
A cobler and his wife did dwell,

And for a time no two ſo merry,
Their happineſs no tongue can tell;
But to this couple, the neighbours tell us,
Something did happen that caus'd much ſtrife,
For going to a neighb'ring alehouſe,
The man got drunk and beat his wife.

But though he treated her ſo vilely,
What did this wife, good creature, do?
Kept ſnug, and found a method ſlily,
To wring his heart quite through and through;
For Dick the tapſter, and his maſter,
By the report that then was rife,
Were both in hopes by this diſaſter,
To gain the cobler's pretty wife.

While things went on to rack and ruin,
And all their furniture was ſold,
She ſeem'd t' approve what each was doing,
And got from each a purſe of gold.
So when the cobler's cares were over,
He ſwore to lead an alter'd life,
To mind his work, ne'er be a rover,
And love no other but his wife.

---

## *The Laſs of Richmond Hill.*

On Richmond Hill there lives a laſs,
More bright than May-day morn;
Whoſe charms all other maids ſurpaſs,
A roſe without a thorn.

This laſs ſo neat, with ſmiles ſo ſweet,
Has won my right good-will;
I'd crowns reſign to call her mine,
Sweet laſs of Richmond Hill.

Ye zephyrs gay that fan the air,
And wanton thro' the grove;
O whiſper to my charming fair—
I die for her and love.
This laſs ſo neat, &c.

How happy will the ſhepherd be,
Who calls this nymph his own;
O may the choice be fix'd on me—
Mine's fix'd on her alone.
This laſs ſo neat, &c.

---

*Paddy Bull's Expedition.*

When I took my departure from Dublin's ſweet town,
And for England's ownſelf thro' the ſeas I did plow;
For four long days I was toſs'd up and down,
Like a quid of chew'd hay in the throat of a cow;
While afraid off the deck in the ocean to ſlip, Sir,
I clung like a cat a faſt hold for to keep, Sir;
Round about the big poſt that grows out of the ſhip, Sir,
O I never thought more to ſing langolee.

Thus ſtanding ſtock ſtill, all the while I was moving,
Till Ireland's coaſt I ſaw clean out of ſight;
Myſelf the next day a true Iriſhman proving,
When leaving the ſhip on the ſhore for to light;
As the board they put out was too narrow to quarter,
The firſt ſtep I took was in ſuch a totter,
That I jump'd upon land, to my neck up in water;
O that was no time to ſing langolee.

But as ſharp cold and hunger I never yet knew more,
And my ſtomach and bowels did grumble and growl,
I thought the beſt way to get each in good humour,
Was to take out the wrinkles of both, by my ſoul;
So I went to a houſe where roaſt meat they provide, Sir,
With a whirligig, which up the chimney I ſpy'd, Sir,
And which grinds all their ſmoke into powder beſides, Sir—
'Tis true as I am now ſinging langolee.

Then I went to the landlord of all the ſtage coaches,
That ſet ſail for London each night of the week,
To whom I obnoxiouſly made my approaches,
As a birth aboard one I was come for to ſeek;
But as for the inſide, I'd no caſh in my caſket,

Says I, with your leave, I make bold, Sir, to aſk it,
When the coach is gone off, pray what time goes the baſket?
For there I can ride and ſing langolee.

When, making his mouth up—"the baſket, ſays he, Sir,
Goes after the coach a full hour or two;"
Very well, Sir, ſays I, that's the thing then for me, Sir,
But the Devil a word that he told me was true;
For though one went before, and the other behind, Sir,
They ſat off cheek by jole at the very ſame time, Sir,
So the ſame day, at night, I ſet out by moon-ſhine, Sir,
All alone by myſelf ſinging langolee.

O long life to the moon, for a brave noble creature,
That ſerves us with lamp-light each night in the dark!
While the ſun only ſhines in the day, which, by nature,
Wants no light at all—as you all may remark;
But as for the moon, by my ſoul I'll be bound, Sir,
It would ſave the whole nation a great many pounds, Sir,
To ſubſcribe for to light him up all the year round, Sir,
Or I'll never ſing more about langolee.

*Anacreon.*

To Anacreon in heav'n, where he ſat in full glee,
A few ſons of harmony ſent a petition,
That he their inſpirer and patron would be;
When this anſwer arriv'd from the jolly old Grecian,
Voice, fiddle and flute,
No longer be mute,
I'll lend you my name and inſpire you to boot;
And beſides, I'll inſtruct ye, like me, to entwine,
The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine.

The news through Olympus immediately flew,
When old Thunder pretended to give himſelf airs,
If theſe mortals are ſuffer'd their ſchemes to purſue,
The devil a goddeſs will ſtay above ſtairs.
Hark! already they cry,
In tranſports of joy,
Away to the ſons of Anacreon we'll fly:
And there with good fellows, we'll learn to entwine
The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine.

The yellow hair'd god, and his nine ſuſty maids,
From Helicon's banks will incontinent flee;
Idalia will boaſt but of tenantleſs ſhades,
And the beforked hill a mere deſart will be:

My thunder, no fear on't,
Shall ſoon do it's errand,
And dam'me! I'll ſwinge the ringleaders, I warrant,
I'll trim the young dogs for thus daring to 'twine
The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine.

Apollo roſe up, and ſaid prithee ne'er quarrel,
Good king of the gods, with my vot'ries below;
Your thunder is uſeleſs, then ſhowing his laurel,
Cry'd *Sic evitabile fulmen*, you know!
Then over each head
My laurels I'll ſpread,
So my ſons from your crackers no miſchief ſhall dread,
While ſnug in their club-room, they jovially 'twine
The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine.

Next Momus roſe up, with his riſible phiz,
And ſwore with Apollo he'd cheerfully join:
The full tide of harmony ſtill ſhall be his,
But the ſong and the catch, and the laugh ſhall be mine;
Then, Jove, be not jealous
Of theſe honeſt fellows;
Cry'd Jove, we relent, ſince the truth you now tell us,
And ſwear by old Styx, that they long ſhall entwine
The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine.

Ye ſons of Anacreon, then join hand in hand,
Preſerve unanimity, friendſhip, and love,

'Tis yours to ſupport what's ſo happily plann'd,
You've the ſanction of gods, and the fiat of Jove:
While thus we agree,
Our toaſt let it be,
May our club flouriſh happy, united and free!
And long may the ſons of Anacreon entwine,
The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine.

---

## *Bonny Bet.*

No more I'll court the town bred fair,
Who ſhines in artificial beauty,
For native charms, without compare,
Claim all my love, reſpect, and duty.

CHORUS.

O my bonny, bonny Bet, ſweet bloſſom,
Was I a king ſo proud to wear thee,
From off the verdant couch I'd bear thee,
To grace thy faithful lover's boſom.
O my bonny, bonny Bet, &c.
Yet, aſk me where thoſe beauties lie,
I cannot ſay in ſmile or dimple,
In blooming cheeks or radiant eye,
'Tis happy nature wild and ſimple.
O my bonny, bonny Bet, &c.

Let dainty beaux for ladies pine,
And ſigh in numbers trite and common;

Ye gods one darling wiſh be mine,
And all I aſk is lovely woman.
O my bonny, bonny Bet, &c.

Come deareſt girl, the roſy bowl,
Like thy bright eye with pleaſure dancing,
My heaven art thou, ſo take my ſoul,
With rapture every ſenſe entrancing.
O my bonny, bonny Bet, &c.

---

## *Golden Days of Good Queen Beſs.*

To my muſe give attention, and deem it not myſtery,
If we jumble together muſic, poetry, and hiſtory,
The times to diſplay in the reign of Queen Beſs, Sir,
Whoſe name and whoſe memory poſterity may bleſs, Sir.

CHORUS.

O the golden days of good Queen Beſs.
Merry be the memory of good Queen Beſs.

Then we laugh at the bugbears of dons and armadas,
With their gunpowder puffs, and their bluſtering bravadoes;
For he knew how to manage both the muſket and the bow, Sir,
And cou'd bring down a Spaniard juſt as eaſy as a crow, Sir,
O the golden days, &c.

Then our ſtreets were unpav'd, and our houſes were thatch'd, Sir,
Our windows were lattic'd, our doors only latch'd, Sir,
Yet ſo few were the folks that would plunder and rob, Sir,
That the hangman was ſtarving for the want of a job, Sir,
O the golden days, &c.

Then our ladies with large ruffs tied round about the neck faſt,
Would gobble up a pound of beef ſteakes for their breakfaſt;
While a cloſe quilted coif their noddles juſt did fit, Sir,
And they truſs'd up as tight as a rabbit for the ſpit, Sir,
O the golden days, &c.

Then jerkins, and doublets, and yellow worſted hoſe, Sir;
With a pair of huge whiſkers, was the dreſs of our beaus, Sir;
Strong beer they preferr'd to claret or to hock Sir,
And no poultry they priz'd like the wing of an ox, Sir.
O the golden days, &c.

Good neighbourhood was then as plenty too as beef, Sir,
And the poor from the rich ne'er wanted relief, Sir;
While merry went the mill-clack, the ſhuttle and the plough, Sir,
And honeſt men could live by the ſweet of their brow, Sir,
O the golden days, &c.

Then the folks every Sunday went twice at leaſt to the church, Sir,
And never left the parſon on the ſermon in the lurch, Sir;
For they judg'd the Sabbath was for people to be good in,
And they thought it Sabbath-breaking if they din'd without pudding.
O the golden days, &c.

Then our great men were good, and our good men were great, Sir,
And the props of the nation were the pillars of the ſtate, Sir;
For the ſov'reign and the ſubject one intereſt ſupported,
And our powerful alliance by all powers then was courted.
O the golden days, &c.

Thus renown'd as they liv'd all the days of their lives, Sir,
Bright examples of glory to thoſe who ſurvive, Sir;
May we their deſcendants purſue the ſame ways, Sir,
That King George, like Queen Beſs, may have his golden days, Sir,

CHORUS.

And may a longer reign of glory and ſucceſs,
Make his name eclipſe the fame of good Queen Beſs.

---

*The Moment Aurora.*

The moment Aurora peep'd into my room,
I put on my clothes and I call'd to my groom;
And, my head heavy ſtill, from the fumes of laſt night,
Took a bumper of brandy to ſet all things right;
And now were well ſaddled Fleet, Dapple, and Grey,
Who ſeem'd longing to hear the glad ſound hark away.

Will Whiſtle by this had uncoupl'd his hounds,
Whoſe ecſtacy nothing could keep within bounds;
Firſt forward came Jowler, then Scentwell, then Snare,
Three better ſtaunch harriers ne'er ſtarted a hare

Then Sweetlips, then Driver, then Staunch, and
then Tray,
All ready to open at hark, hark away.

'Twas now by the clock about five in the morn,
And we all gallop'd off to the ſound of the horn;
Jack Gater, Bill Babler, and Dick at the gun,
And by this time the merry Tom Fairplay made
one,
Who, while we were jogging on blitheſome and
gay,
Sung a ſong, and the chorus was—Hark, hark
away.

And now Jemmy Lurcher had every buſh beat,
And no ſigns of madam, nor trace of her feet;
Nay, we juſt had begun our ſad fortunes to curſe,
When all of a ſudden out ſtarts Mrs Puſs;
Men, horſes, and dogs, all the glad-call obey,
And echo was heard to cry—hark, hark away.

The chace was a fine one, ſhe took o'er the plain,
Which ſhe doubled, and doubled, and doubled
again;
Till at laſt ſhe to cover return'd out out of breath,
Where I and Will Whiſtle were in at the death;
Then in triumph for you I the hare did diſplay,
And cry'd to the horns, my boys, hark, hark
away.

## *The Taxes.*

HARD hard are the times, is the cry, 'tis no wonder;
For with taxes we are ſo moſt deviliſh kept under;
What with taxes on this thing, and taxes on 'tother,
It's ſtrange how we live, and bring both ends together.
Derry down, down, down derry down.

From the crown of the head to the ſoles of the feet,
We are tax'd in all things ſo wonderous complete,
Bedaubed with ſtamps, as with biles was old Job,
We had need of his patience to bear with the load.
Derry down, &c.

The hat that defends me from cold and from rain,
And the gloves that I wear for a purpoſe the ſame,
E'en the ſhoes on my feet, which 'bove all I can't want,
The leather they're made of muſt pay for the ſtamp.
Derry down, &c.

For the light from the heavens we're forced to pay,
Elſe from our apartments to ſhut out the day,
Then grovel in darkneſs like moles in the ground,
For unleſs we pay tax, there's no light to be found.
Derry down, &c.

If we light up a candle, 'tis ſtill all the ſame.
For there Billy Pit he is with us again;
There is no eſcaping his mercileſs paws,
For he ſtops every gap by his new exciſe laws.
Derry down, &c.

If our lives we would ſpend in a bachelor ſtate,
We're taxed becauſe we're in want of a mate,
If our minds they ſhould alter, and we take a ſpouſe,
The king muſt be pay'd before we pay our vows.
Derry down, &c.

When married, altho' perhaps little to ſpare,
Yet one ſtill wiſhes children that little to heir;
Should heaven be pleas'd with our wiſh to comply,
And ſpouſe be laid up in bed for to cry,
Derry down, &c.

Be't boy, or be't girl, to him 'tis the ſame,
He muſt have his quota e're it get a name;
Altho' ne'er a groat over to make our friends happy,
'Tis all the ſame thing to this hard taxing chappie.
Derry down, &c.

Next miniſters ſtipend, their ceſs, and impoſt,
Enough a poor ſoul to cauſe flee from his poſt;

There is no denying the law it enforces,
For we're burden'd with taxes like Leith carters horſes.

Derry down, &c.

There is no door left open through which we can go,
No crevice nor corner but what he doth know;
At the gates of grim death he has ſet up his pole,
And there's none enters there, but their friends muſt pay toll.

Derry down, &c.

Thus, ſingle or married, or dead or alive,
There's nothing can ſave us from paying our tythe;
So 'tis needleſs to grumble, but patient ſubmit,
For howe'er hard the times be, there's few wiſh to flit.

Derry down, down, down derry down.

---

*The Waterman.*

I WAS, d'ye ſee, a waterman,
As tight and ſpruce as any,
'Twixt Richmond town
And Horſly down,
I earn'd an honeſt penny;
None could of fortune's favours brag
More than could lucky I,

My cot was ſnug, well fill'd my cag,
My grunter in the ſty.
With wherry tight
And boſom light
I cheerfully did row,
And, to complete this princely life,
Sure never man had friend and wife
Like my Poll and my partner Joe.

I roll'd in joys like theſe awhile,
Folks far and near careſs'd me,
Till, woe is me,
So lubberly
The preſs-gang came and preſs'd me:
How could I all theſe pleaſures leave?
How with my wherry part?
I never ſo took on to grieve,
It wrung my very heart.
But when on board
They gave the word
To foreign parts to go,
I rued the moment I was born,
That ever I ſhould thus be torn
From my Poll and my partner Joe.

I did my duty manfully,
While on the billows rolling,
And night and day
Could find my way
Blindfold to the main-top bowling.
Thus all the dangers of the main,
Quickſands, and gales of wind,

I brav'd, in hopes to taſte again
The joys I left behind:
In climes afar,
The hotteſt war,
Pour'd broadſides on the foe,
In hopes theſe perils to relate,
As by my ſide attentive ſat,
My Poll and my partner Joe.

At laſt it pleas'd his Majeſty
To give peace to the nation,
And honeſt hearts,
From foreign parts,
Came home for conſolation:
Like light'ning—for I felt new life,
Now ſafe from all alarms—
I ruſh'd, and found my friend and wife—
Lock'd in each other's arms!
Yet fancy not
I bore my lot
Tame, like a lubber:—No,
For ſeeing I was finely trick'd,
Plump to the devil I fairly kick'd
My Poll and my partner Joe.

---

*Anna's Urn.*

Encompass'd in an angel's frame,
An angel's virtues lay;

Too ſoon did heav'n aſſert the claim,
And call'd its own away;
And call'd its own away.

My Anna's worth, my Anna's charms,
Muſt never more return,
Muſt never more return,
What now ſhall fill thoſe widow'd arms,
Ah! me, Ah! me, Ah! me, my Anna's urn.

---

## *The Jolly Fiſherman.*

I AM a jolly fiſherman,
I catch what I can get,
Still going on my better's plan
All's fiſh that comes to net:
Fiſh, juſt like men, I've often caught,
Crabs, gudgeons, poor John, codfiſh,
And many a time to market brought,
A dev'liſh ſight of odd fiſh.
Thus all are fiſhermen through life,
With wary pains and labour,
This baits with gold, and that a wife,
And all to catch his neighbour:
Then praiſe the jolly fiſherman,
Who takes what he can get,
Still going on his betters' plan,
All's fiſh that comes to net.

The pike, to catch the little fry,
Extends his greedy jaw,
For all the world, as you and I,
Have ſeen your man of law:
He who to lazineſs devotes
His time is ſure a numb fiſh;
And members who give ſilent votes
May fairly be called dumb fiſh,
Falſe friends to eels we may compare,
The roach reſembles true ones;
Like gold-fiſh we find old ones rare,
Plenty as herrings new ones.
Then praiſe, &c.

Like fiſh then mortals are a trade,
And trap'd, and ſold, and bought,
The old wife and the tender maid,
Are both with tickling caught;
Indeed the fair are caught, 'tis ſaid,
If you but throw the line in,
With maggots, flies, or ſomething red,
Or any thing that's ſhining:
With ſmall fiſh you muſt lie in wait
For thoſe of high condition,
But 'tis alone a golden bait
Can catch a learn'd phyſician.
Then praiſe, &c.

## *'Twas in the good Ship Rover.*

'Twas in the good ſhip rover
I ſailed the world around,
And for three years and over,
I ne'er touch'd Britiſh ground;
At length in England landed,
I left the roaring main,
Found all relations ſtranded,
And went to ſea again.

That time bound ſtraight to Portugal,
Right fore and aft we bore;
But, when we'd made Cape Ortugal,
A gale blew off the ſhore:
She lay, ſo did it ſhock her,
A log upon the main;
Till, ſav'd from Davy's locker,
We put to ſea again.

Next in a frigate ſailing,
Upon a ſqually night,
Thunder and light'ning hailing
The horrors of the fight,
My precious limb was lopped off,
I when they'd eas'd my pain,
Thank'd God I was not popped off,
And went to ſea again.

Yet ſtill am I enabled
To bring up in life's rear,
Although I'm quite diſabled,
And lie in Greenwich tier;
The king, God bleſs his royalty,
Who ſav'd me from the main,
I'll praiſe with love and loyalty,
But ne'er to ſea again.

---

*High-mettled Racer.*

See the courſe throng'd with gazers, the ſports are begun,
The confuſion but hear!—I'll be at you ſir—done, done;
Ten thouſand ſtrange murmurs reſound far and near,
Lords, hawkers, and jockies aſſail the tir'd ear:
While, with neck like a rainbow, erecting his creſt,
Pamper'd, prancing, and pleas'd, his head touching his breaſt,
Scarcely ſnuffing the air, he's ſo proud and elate,
The high-mettled racer firſt ſtarts for the plate.

Now reynard's turn'd out, and o'er hedge and ditch ruſh
Hounds, horſes, and huntſmen, all hard at his bruſh;

They run him at length, and they have him at bay,
And by ſcent and by view, cheat a long tedious way:
While, alike born for ſports of the field or the courſe,
Always ſure to come through a ſtaunch and fleet horſe;
When fairly run down, the fox yields up his breath,
The high-mettled racer is in at the death.

Grown aged, uſed up, and turn'd out of the ſtud,
Lame, ſpavin'd, and wind-gall'd, but yet with ſome blood;
While knowing poſtilions his pedigree trace,
Tell his dam won this ſweepſtakes, his ſire gain'd that race;
And what matches he won to the oſtlers count o'er,
As they loiter their time at ſome hedge ale-houſe door,
While the harneſs ſore galls, and the ſpurs his ſides goad,
The high-mettled racer's a hack on the road.

Till at laſt, having labour'd, drudg'd early and late,
Bow'd down by degrees, he bends on to his fate.

Blind, old, lean, and feeble, he tugs round a mill,
Or draws ſand, till the ſand of his hour-glaſs
ſtands ſtill:
And now, cold and lifeleſs, expos'd to the view,
In the very ſame cart which he yeſterday drew,
While a pitying crowd his ſad relicks furrounds,
The high mettled racer is ſold for the hounds.

---

*In my pleaſant Native Plains.*

In my pleaſant native plains,
Wing'd with bliſs each moment flew,
Nature there inſpir'd the ſtrains,
Simple as the joys I knew;
Jocund morn and ev'ning gay,
Claim'd the merry merry roundelay,
Claim'd the merry merry roundelay.

Fields and flocks, and fragrant flow'rs,
All that health and joy impart,
Call'd for artleſs muſic's pow'rs;
Faithful echoes to the heart.
Happy hours, for ever gay,
Claim'd the merry roundelay.

But the breath of genial ſpring,
Wak'd the warblers of the grove;
Who, ſweet birds, that heard you ſing,
Would not join the ſong of love?
Your ſweet notes, and chantings gay,
Claim'd the merry roundelay.

*How bleſt the Maid.*

How bleſt the maid whoſe boſom
No headſtrong paſſion knows,
Her days in joy ſhe paſſes,
Her nights in calm repoſe;
Where e'er her fancy leads her,
No pain, no fear invades her,
But pleaſure without meaſure,
From ev'ry object flows.

No pain, no fear, where e'er ſhe goes,
How bleſt the maid whoſe boſom
No headſtrong paſſion knows,
Her days in joys ſhe paſſes,
Her nights in calm repoſe;
Where e'er her fancy leads,
No pains no fear invades,
No fear invades, no fear invades.

---

*The Tobacco-Box.—A Duet.*

*Thomas.*
Tho' the fate of battle on to-morrow wait,
Let's not loſe our prattle now my charming Kate,
Till the hour of glory love ſhould now take place,
Nor damp the joys before you with a future caſe.

*Kate.*
Oh my Thomas ſtill be conſtant, ſtill be true,
Be but to your Kate, as Kate is ſtill to you ;
Glory will attend you ſtill, will make us bleſt,
With my firmeſt love my dear you're ſtill poſſeſt.

*Thomas.*
No new beauties taſted, I'm their arts above,
Three campaigns are waſted, but not ſo my love,
Anxious ſtill about thee, thou art all I prize,
Never Kate, without thee, will I bung theſe eyes.

*Kate.*
Conſtant to my Thomas I will ſtill remain,
Nor think I will leave thy ſide the whole campaign,
But I'll cheriſh thee and ſtrive to make thee bold,
May'ſt thou ſharc the vict'ry, may'ſt thou ſhare the gold.

*Thomas.*
If by ſome bold action I the halbert bear,
Think what ſatisfaction when my rank you ſhare,
Dreſt like any lady fair from top to toe,
Fine lac'd caps and ruffles then will be your due.

*Kate.*
If a ſerjeant's lady I ſhould chance to prove,
Linen ſhall be ready always for my love ;
Never more will Kate the Captain's laundreſs be,
I'm too pretty, Thomas love, for all but thee.

*Thomas.*

Here, Kate, take my 'bacco box, a ſoldier's all,
If by Frenchmen's blows your Tom is doom'd to fall,
When my life is ended, thou may'ſt boaſt and prove,
Thoud'ſt my firſt, my laſt, my only pledge of love.

*Kate.*

Here take back thy 'bacco box, thou'rt all to me,
Nor think but I will be near thee love to ſee,
In the hour of danger let me always ſhare,
I'll be kept no ſtranger to my ſoldier's fare.

*Thomas.*

Check that riſing ſigh, Kate, ſtop that falling tear,
Come, my pretty comrade, entertain no fear;
But may heav'n befriend us; hark! the drums command,
Now I will attend you. Love I kiſs your hand.

*Kate.*

I can't ſtop theſe tears, though crying I diſdain,
But muſt own 'tis trying hard the point to gain:
May good heav'ns defend thee, conqueſt on thee wait;
One kiſs more, and then I give thee up to fate.

Both repeat the laſt verſe, only Thomas ſays { Conqueſt on me wait, / And yield myſelf to fate.

## *Robin Adair.*

You're welcome to Paxton, Robin Adair,
You're welcome to Paxton, Robin Adair,
How does Jonny Mackril do,
Aye and Luke Gard'ner too,
Why did they not come with you, Robin Adair?

Come and ſit down by me, Robin Adair,
Come and ſit down by me, Robin Adair,
And welcome you ſhall be,
To every thing that you ſee,
Why did they not come with you, Robin Adair?

I will drink wine with you, Robin Adair,
I will drink wine with you, Robin Adair,
Rum punch, aye, or brandy too,
By my ſoul I'll get drunk with you,
Why did they not come with you, Robin Adair?

Then let us drink about, Robin Adair,
Then let us drink about, Robin Adair,
Till we've drank a hogſhead out,
Then we'll be fow nae doubt,
Why did they not come with you, Robin Adair?

---

## *The Bonny Bold Soldier.*

I've plenty of lovers that ſue me in vain,
My heart is with Willy far over the plain,

For handſome and witty, and brave is the ſwain,
The bonny bold ſoldier young Willy's for me;
For handſome and witty and brave is the ſwain,
The bonny bold ſoldier young Willy's for me.
In the trumpet's ſhrill ſound my ſoldier delights,
For honour, his king, and his country he fights,
He figh----------ts figh-------ts,
For honour, his king, and his country he fights,
For honour, his king, and his conntry he fights.

I ſhare with his dreſs in the heart of a beau,
The doctor my pulſe feels and ne'er takes a fee,
The one is pedantic, the other all ſhow;
The one is pedantic, &c.
The bonny bold ſoldier young Willy's for me,
The bonny bold ſoldier, &c.
The trumpet's ſhrill ſound, &c.

The lawyer ſo crafty I fly from in fear,
The dangling poet I ſhun when I ſee,
Once more, O ye powers, reſtore me my dear,
Once more, O ye powers, &c.
The bonny bold ſoldier young Willy's for me,
The bonny bold ſoldier, &c.
The trumpet's ſhrill ſound, &c.

---

*The Neglected Tar.*

I SING the Britiſh ſeaman's praiſe,
A theme renown'd in ſtory,

It well deſerves more poliſh'd lays ;
Oh ! 'tis your boaſt and glory.
When mad-brain'd war ſpreads death around,
By them you are protected ;
But when in peace the nation's found,
Theſe bulwarks are neglected.
Then, O ! protect the hardy tar,
Be mindful of his merit ;
And when again your plung'd in war,
He'll ſhew his daring ſpirit.

When thickeſt darkneſs covers all,
Far on the trackleſs ocean ;
When lightnings dart, when thunders roll,
And all is wild commotion :
When o'er the bark the white-topp'd waves,
With boiſt'rous ſweep are rolling,
Yet coolly ſtill, the whole he braves,
Untam'd amidſt the howling.
Then, oh ! protect, &c.

When deep immers'd in ſulph'rous ſmoke,
He feels a glowing pleaſure ;
He loads his gun, he cracks his joke,
Elated beyong meaſure.
Though fore and aft the blood-ſtain'd deck
Should lifeleſs trunks appear ;
Or ſhould the veſſel float a wreck,
The ſailor knows no fear.
Then, oh ! protect, &c.

When long becalm'd, on ſouthern brine,
Where ſcorching beams aſſail him;
When all the canvaſs hangs ſupine,
And food and water fail him;
Then oft he dreams of Britain's ſhore,
Where plenty ſtill is reigning;
They call the watch, his rapture's o'er,
He ſighs, but ſcorns complaining.
Then, oh! protect, &c.

Or burning on that noxious coaſt,
Where death ſo oft befriends him;
Or pinch'd by hoary Greenland froſt,
True courage ſtill attends him:
No clime can this eradicate,
He glories in annoyance;
He fearleſs braves the ſtorms of fate,
And bids grim death defiance.
Then, oh! protect, &c.

Why ſhould the man who knows no fear,
In peace be then neglected?
Behold him move along the pier,
Pale, meagre, and dejected!
Behold him begging for employ!
Behold him diſregarded!
Then, view the anguiſh in his eye,
And ſay, are tars rewarded?
Then, oh! protect, &c.

To them your deareſt rights you owe,
In peace then would you ſtarve them?

What ſay ye Britain's ſons!—Oh! no,
Protect them, and preſerve them.
Shield them from poverty, and pain,
'Tis policy to do it;
Or, when grim war ſhall come again,
Oh, Britons, ye may rue it!
Then, oh! protect, &c.

---

*The Union of Bacchus and Venus.*

I'm a vot'ry of Bacchus, his godſhip adore,
And love at his ſhrine gay libations to pour,
And Venus, bleſt Venus, my boſom inſpires;
For ſhe lights in our ſouls the moſt ſecret of fires:
Yet to neither, I ſwear ſole allegiance to hold,
My bottle and laſs, I by turns muſt enfold;
For the ſweeteſt of unions that mortals can prove,
Is of Bacchus, gay god, and the goddeſs of love:
For the ſweeteſt of unions that mortals can prove,
Is of Bacchus, gay god, and the goddeſs of love.

When fill'd to the fair, the briſk bumper I hold,
Can the miſer ſurvey with ſuch pleaſure his gold?
The ambroſia of gods no ſuch reliſh can boaſt,
If good port, fill your glaſs, and fair Kitty's the toaſt;
And the charms of your girl more angelic will be,
If her ſopha's encircled with wreaths from his tree,
For the ſweeteſt of unions that mortals can prove.
Is of Bacchus, gay god, and the goddeſs of love.

All partial diſtinctions I hate from my ſoul,
O give me my fair one, and give me my bowl;
Bliſs, reflected from either, will ſend to my heart
Ten thouſand ſweet joys which they can't have apart;
Go try it, ye ſmiling and gay looking throng,
And your heart ſhall in uniſon beat to my ſong,
That the ſweeteſt of unions that mortals can prove,
Is of Bacchus, gay god, and the goddeſs of love.

---

*Favourite Indian Death Song.*

The ſun ſets in night, and the ſtars ſhun the day,
But glory remains when their lights fade away;
Begin ye tormentors, your threats are in vain,
For the ſon of Alknomook ſhall never complain.

Remember the arrows he ſhot from his bow;
Remember your chiefs by his hatchet laid low:
Why ſo ſlow? do you wait 'till I ſhrink from my pain?
No—the ſon of Alknomook ſhall never complain.

Remember the wood—where in ambuſh we lay,
And the ſcalps which we bore from your nation away:
Now the flame riſes faſt! you exult in my pain;
But the ſon of Alknomook ſhall never complain.

I go to the land where my father is gone;
His ghoſt ſhall rejoice in the fame of his ſon:
Death comes like a friend,—he relieves me from pain;
And the ſon of ALKNOMOOK has ſcorn'd to complain.

---

*Mary Scot.*

HAPPY's the love that meets return,
When in ſoft flames ſouls equal burn;
But words are wanting to diſcover
The torments of a hopeleſs lover.
Ye regiſters of heav'n relate,
If looking o'er the rolls of fate
Did ye there ſee me mark'd to marrow,
Mary Scot the flow'r of Yarrow?

Ah, no! her form's too heav'nly fair—
Her love the gods above muſt ſhare,
While mortals with deſpair implore her,
And at a diſtance due, adore her—
O, lovely maid! my doubts beguile,
Revive and bleſs me with a ſmile;
Alas! if not, you ſoon debar a
Sighing ſwain the banks of Yarrow.

Be huſh, ye fears,—I'll not deſpair,
My Mary's tender as ſhe's fair;
Then I'll go tell her all my anguiſh,
She is too good to let me languiſh.

With ſucceſs crown'd, I'll not envy
The folks who dwell above the ſky;
When Mary Scot's become my marrow,
We'll make a paradiſe of Yarrow.

---

## *The Roſe Tree.*

*Pat.*
A ROSE-TREE full in bearing,
Had ſweet flow'rs fair to ſee,
One roſe, beyond comparing,
For beauty attracted me.
Tho' eager once to win it,
Lovely, blooming, freſh, and gay,
I find a canker in it,
And now throw it far away.

*Norah.*
How fine this morning early,
The ſun ſhining clear and bright;
So late I lov'd you dearly,
Tho' loſt now each fond delight.
The clouds ſeem big with ſhow'rs,
Sunny beams no more are ſeen,—
Farewell ye happy hours,
Your falſehood has chang'd the ſcene.

*Both repeat.*
The clouds ſeem big, &c. to the end.

## *Dear is my native Vale.*

Dear is my little native vale,
The ring-dove builds and warbles there;
Cloſe by my cot ſhe tells her tale
To ev'ry paſſing villager.
The ſquirrel leaps from tree to tree,
And ſhells his nuts at liberty.

In orange groves and myrtle bow'rs,
That breathe a gale of fragrance round,
I charm the fairy-footed hours,
With my lov'd lute's romantic ſound;
Or crowns of living laurel weave
For thoſe that win the race at eve.

The ſhepherd's horn at break of day,
The ballet danc'd in twilight glade,
The canzonet and roundelay,
Sung in the ſilent greenwood ſhade.
Theſe ſimple joys, that never fail,
Shall bind me to my native vale.

---

## *For tenderneſs faſhion'd.*

For tenderneſs faſhion'd, in life's early day,
A parent's ſoft ſorrow to mine led the way;
The leſſon of pity was caught from her eye,
And ere I knew language, I ſpoke with a ſigh.

The nightingale plunder'd,—the mate-widow'd
dove,
The warbled complaint of the ſuffering grove;
To youth as it ripen'd, gave ſentiment new:
The object ſtill changing, the ſympathy true.

Soft embers of paſſion yet reſt in their glow;
A warmth of more pain may this breaſt never
know!
Or if too indulgent the bleſſing I claim,
Let the ſpark drop from reaſon, that weakens the
flame.

---

## *Mary's Dream.*

The moon had climb'd the higheſt hill
That riſes o'er the ſource of Dee,
And from the eaſtern ſummit ſhed
Her ſilver light on tow'r and tree;
When Mary laid her down to ſleep,
Her thoughts on Sandy far at ſea:
Then ſoft and low a voice was heard
Say—Mary weep no more for me.

She from her pillow gently rais'd
Her head, to aſk who there might be,
And ſaw young Sandy ſhivering ſtand,
With palid cheek and hollow eye.
O, Mary dear! cold is my clay,
It lies beneath a ſtormy ſea;

Far, far from thee, I ſleep in death,
So Mary weep no more for me.

Three ſtormy nights and ſtormy days,
We toſs'd upon the raging main,
And long we ſtrove our bark to ſave,
But all our ſtriving was in vain:
Ev'n then when horror chill'd my blood,
My heart was fill'd with love for thee.
The ſtorm is paſt, and I at reſt,
So Mary weep no more for me.

O! maiden dear! thyſelf prepare,
We ſoon ſhall meet upon that ſhore
Where love is free from doubt or care,
And thou and I ſhall part no more.
Loud crow'd the cock! the ſhadow fled!
No more of Sandy could ſhe ſee;
But ſoft the paſſing ſpirit ſaid,
O! Mary! weep no more for me.

---

## SONG. *Poor Soldier.*

*Norah.*

The meadows look charming, the birds ſweetly ſing,
So gaily they carol the praiſes of ſpring;
Tho' nature rejoices, poor Norah ſhall mourn,
Until her dear Patrick again ſhall return.

Ye laſſes of Dublin, ah! hide your gay charms,
Nor lure my dear Patrick from Norah's fond arms;
Tho' ſattins, and ribbons, and laces are fine,
They hide not a heart with ſuch feelings as mine.

## *The Bud of the Roſe.*

*Belville.*

Her mouth, which a ſmile,
Devoid of all guile,
Half opens to view,
Is the bud of the roſe
In the morning that blows,
Impearl'd with the dew.

More fragrant her breath
Than the flow'r ſcented heath
At the dawning of the day,
The hawthorn in bloom,
The lilly's perfume,
Or the bloſſoms of May.

## *The Tartan Plaid.*

By moonlight on the green,
Where lads and laſſes ſtray,
How ſweet the bloſſom'd bean,
How ſweet the new-made hay?

But not to me ſae ſweet
The bloſſom of the thorn,
As when my lad I meet
More freſh than May-day morn.
Give me the lad ſo blithe and gay,
Give me the tartan plaiddie;
For ſpite of all the world can ſay,
I'll wed my Highland laddie.
His ſkin is white as ſnow,
His een are bonny blue;
Like roſe-bud ſweet his mou
When wet with morning dew.
Young Will is rich and great,
And fain wou'd ca' me his;
But what is pride or ſtate
Without love's ſmiling bliſs.
Give me the lad, &c.
When firſt he talk'd of love,
He look'd ſo blithe and gay,
His flame I did approve,
And could nae ſay him nay.
Then to the kirk I'll haſte,
There prove my love aud truth;
Reward a love ſo chaſte,
And wed the conſtant youth.
Give me the lad, &c.

---

*The wealthy Fool.*

The wealthy fool with gold in ſtore,
Will ſtill deſire to grow richer;

Give me but theſe, I aſk no more,
My charming girl, my friend, and pitcher.

My friend ſo rare, my girl ſo fair,
With theſe what mortal can be richer?
Give me but theſe, a fig for care,
With my ſweet girl, my friend, and pitcher.

From morning ſun I'd never grieve
To toil a hedger or a ditcher,
If that when I come home at eve
I might enjoy my friend and pitcher.
My friend ſo rare, &c.

Tho' fortune ever ſhuns my door,
I know not what 'tis can bewitch her;
With all my heart can I be poor—
With my ſweet girl, my friend, and pitcher.
My friend ſo rare, &c.

---

*Let Care be a Stranger.*

Let care be a ſtranger to each jovial ſoul
Who, Ariſtippus like, can his paſſions controul:
Of wiſeſt philoſophers wiſeſt was he,
Who, attentive to eaſe, let his mind ſtill be free:
The Prince, Peer, or Peaſant to him were the ſame,
For pleas'd, he was pleaſing to all where he came,
But ſtill turn'd his back on contention and ſtrife,
Reſolving to live all the days of his life.

A friend to mankind, all mankind was his friend,
And the peace of his mind was his ultimate end;
He found fault with none if none found fault with
him,
If his friend had a humour, he humour'd his whim;
If wine was the word, why he bumper'd his glaſs,
If love was the topic, he toaſted his laſs;
But ſtill turn'd his back on contention and ſtrife,
Reſolving to live all the days of his life.

If councils diſputed, if councils agreed,
He found fault with neither; for this was his creed,
That let them be guided by folly or ſenſe,
'Twould be *ſemper eadem* an hundred years hence.
He thought 'twas unſocial to be mal-content,
If the tide went with him, with the tide too he went;
But ſtill turn'd his back on contention and ſtrife,
Reſolving to live all the days of his life.

Was the nation at war, he wiſh'd well to the ſword;
If a peace was concluded, a peace was his word,
Diſquiet to him, of body or mind,
Was the longitude only he never could find.
The philoſopher's ſtone was but gravel and pain,
And all who had ſought it, had ſought it in vain;
He ſtill turn'd his back on contention and ſtrife,
Reſolving to live all the days of his life.

Then let us all follow Ariſtippus's rules,
And deem his opponents both aſſes and mules;
Let thoſe not contented to lead or to drive,
By the bees of their ſex be drove out of the hive;

Expell'd from the manſions of quiet and eaſe,
May they never find out the bleſt art how to pleaſe;
While our friends and ourſelves, not forgetting our wives,
By thoſe maxims may live all the days of our our lives.

---

*The gaily circling Glaſs.*

By the gaily circling glaſs
We can ſee how minutes paſs,—
By the hollow flaſk are told
How the waining night grows old.

Soon, too ſoon, the buſy day
Drives us from our ſports away:
What have we with day to do?
Sons of care—'twas made for you.

Come then fill the cheerful glaſs,
Truth is only found in wine:
Tales of love are all a farce,
But true friendſhip is divine.

---

*With a cheerful old Friend.*

With a cheerful old friend, and a merry old ſong,
And a tankard of porter, I'd ſit the night long,

And laugh at the follies of thoſe that repine,—
Tho' I muſt drink porter while they can drink
wine.

I envy no mortal, be he ever ſo great,—
Nor ſcorn I the wretch for his lowly eſtate;
But, what I abhor, and deem as a curſe,
Is meanneſs of ſpirit,—not poorneſs of purſe.

Then let us, companions, be jovial and gay,
And cheerfully ſpend live's remainder away;
Upheld by a friend, our foes we'll deſpiſe,—
For, the more we are envy'd, the higher we riſe.

---

*Brown Ale.*

When the chill Sirocco blows,
And winter tells a heavy tale;
When 'pyes and daws, and rooks and crows,
Do ſit and curſe the froſt and ſnows.
Then give me ale!
Stout brown ale, nut-brown ale,—
O give me nut-brown ale.

Ale in a Saxon rumkin then,
Such as will make Grimalkin prate,
Bids valour burgeon in tall men;
Quickens the poet's wit and pen;
Deſpiſes fate—
Old brown ale, nut-brown ale,
O give me ſtout brown ale.

Ale that the plowman's heart up keeps,
And equals it to tyrants thrones,
That wipes the eye which over weeps,
And lulls in ſweet and dainty ſleeps
The wearied bones.
Old brown ale, nut-brown ale—
O give me ſtout brown ale.

---

*Wit, Women, and Wine.*

When Jove was reſolv'd to create the round earth,
He ſubpœned the virtues divine,—
Young Bacchus he ſat precedentum of mirth,
And the toaſt was "wit, women, and wine."

The ſentiment tickl'd the ear of each god,—
Apollo he wink'd at the nine;
And Venus gave Mars, too, a ſly wanton nod,
When ſhe drank to wit, women, and wine.

Old Jove ſhook his ſides, and the cup put around,
While Juno, for once, look'd divine;
Theſe bleſſings, ſays he, ſhall on earth now abound,
And the toaſt is wit, women, and wine.

Theſe are joys, worthy gods, which to mortals are given,
Says Momus, who will not repine?
For what's worth our notice, pray tell me, in heav'n,
If man have wit, women, and wine?

This joke you'll repent, I'll lay fifty to ſeven,
Such attraction no pow'r can decline;
Old Jove, by yourſelf you will keep houſe in heav'n,
For we'll follow wit, women, and wine.

Thou'rt right, ſays old Jove, let us hence to the earth,
Men and gods think variety fine;
Who'd ſtay in the clouds, when good nature and mirth
Are below with wit, women, and wine.

---

## *Rule Britannia.*

When Britain firſt, at Heav'n's command,
Aroſe from out the azure main,
Aroſe, &c.
This was the charter, the charter of the land,
And guardian angels ſung the ſtrain;

CHORUS.

Rule Britannia, Britannia rule the waves,
For Britons never will be ſlaves.

The nations not ſo bleſt as thee,
Muſt in their turns to tyrants fall,
Muſt, &c.
Whilſt thou ſhalt flouriſh, ſhalt flouriſh great and free,
The dread and envy of them all.
Rule Britannia, &c.

Still more majeſtic ſhalt thou riſe—
More dreadful from each foreign ſtroke,
More dreadful, &c.
As the loud blaſt that tears the ſkies,
Serves but to root thy native oak.
Rule Britannia, &c.

Thee haughty tyrants ne'er ſhall tame;
All their attempts to bend thee down,
All their, &c.
Will but arouſe, arouſe thy gen'rous flame,
And work their woe and thy renown.
Rule Britannia, &c.

To thee belongs the rural reign,—
Thy cities ſhall with commerce ſhine,
Thy cities, &c.
All thine ſhall be, ſhall be the ſubject main,
And ev'ry ſhore its circles thine.
Rule Britannia, &c.

The Muſes, ſtill with freedom found,
Shall to thy happy coaſt repair,
Shall to, &c.
Bleſs'd iſle! with beauty, with matchleſs beauty crown'd,
And manly hearts to guard the fair.

CHORUS.

Rule Britannia, Britannia rule the waves,
For Britons never will be ſlaves.

## *Neptune.*

HAD Neptune when firſt he took charge of the ſea,
Been as wiſe, or at leaſt been as merry as we,
He'd have thought better on't, and inſtead of the brine,
Would have fill'd the vaſt ocean with generous wine.

What trafficking then would have been on the main,
For the ſake of good liquor, as well as for gain!
No fear then of tempeſt, or danger of ſinking,—
The fiſhes ne'er drown that are always a drinking.

The hot thirſty ſun would then drive with more haſte,
Secure in the evening of ſuch a repaſt;
And when he'd got tipſey, would have taken his nap
With double pleaſure on Thetis's lap.

By the force of his rays, and thus heated with wine,
Conſider how glorioufly Phœbus would ſhine;
What vaſt exhalations he'd draw up on high
To relieve the poor earth as it wanted ſupply.

How happy us mortals, when bleſt with ſuch rain,
To fill all our veſſels, and fill them again!
Nay, even the beggar, that has ne'er a diſh,
Might jump in the river and drink like a fiſh.

What mirth and contentment in every one's brow—
Hob, as great as a prince, dancing after his plow!
The birds in the air, as they play on the wing,
Altho' they but ſip, would eternally ſing.

The ſtars, which, I think, don't to drinking incline,
Would friſk and rejoice at the fume of the wine;
And, merrily twinking, would ſoon let us know,
That they were as happy as mortals below.

Had this been the caſe, what had we then enjoy'd?
Our ſpirits ſtill riſing, our fancy ne'er cloy'd!
A pox then on Neptune, when 'twas in his pow'r,
To ſlip, like a fool, ſuch a fortunate hour.

---

## *The Tinker.*

A TINKER I am, my name's Natty Sam,
From morn to night I trudge it;
So low is my fate, my pers'nal eſtate
Lies all within my budget.

CHORUS.

Work for the tinker, ho! good wives,
For they are lads of mettle;
'Twere well if you could mend your lives
As I can mend a kettle.

The man of war, the man of the bar,
Phyſicians, prieſts, free-thinkers,
That rove up and down great London town,
What are they all? but tinkers.
Work for the tinker, &c.

Thoſe among the great, who tinker the ſtate,
And badger the minority;
Pray what's the end of their work, my friend?
But to rivet a good majority.
Work for the tinker, &c.

This mends his name, that cobles his fame,
that tinkers his reputation;
And thus, had I time, I could prove in my rhime,
Jolly tinkers of all the nation.
Work for the tinker, &c.

---

## *A Soldier's Life.*

This, this my lad's a ſoldier's life;
He marches to the ſprightly fife,
And in each town to ſome new wife
Swears he'll be ever true.
He's here, he's there, where is he not?
Variety's his envy'd lot;
He eats, drinks, ſleeps, and pays no ſhot,
And follows the loud tattoo.

Call'd out to face his country's foes,
The tears of fond, domeſtic woes,
He kiſſes off, and boldly goes
To earn of fame his due.
Religion, liberty, and laws,
Both his are, and his country's cauſe,
For theſe thro' danger, without pauſe,
He follows the loud tattoo.

And if at laſt in honour's wars,
He earns his ſhare of danger's ſcars,—
Still he feels bold, and thanks his ſtars
He's no worſe fate to rue.
At Chelſea, free from toil and pain,
He wields his crutch, points out the ſlain,
And, in fond fancy, once again
Follows the loud tattoo.

---

*Nothing like Grog.*

A PLAGUE of theſe muſty old lubbers,
Who tell us to faſt and to think,
And patient fall in with life's rubbers,
With nothing but water to drink.
A can of good ſtuff, had they twigg'd it,
Would have ſet them for pleaſure agog,
And in ſpite of the rules,
The rules of the ſchools,
The old fools would have all of them ſwigg'd it,
And ſwore there was nothing like grog.

My father, when laſt I from Guinea
Return'd with abundance of wealth,
Cry'd Jack, never be ſuch a ninny
To drink;—ſays I,—father, your health!
So I paſt round the ſtuff, and he twigg'd it,
And it ſet the old codger agog;
And he ſwigg'd, and mother,
And ſiſter, and brother,
And I ſwigg'd, and all of us ſwigg'd it,
And ſwore there was nothing like grog.

One day when the chaplain was preaching,
Behind him I curiouſly ſlunk,
And, while he our duty was teaching,
As how we ſhould never get drunk,
I tipt him the ſtuff, and he twigg'd it,
Which ſoon ſet his rev'rence agog;
And he ſwigg'd, and Nick ſwigg'd,
And Ben ſwigg'd, and Dick ſwigg'd,
And I ſwigg'd, and all of us ſwigg'd it,
And ſwore there was nothing like grog.

Then truſt me, there's nothing as drinking
So pleaſant on this ſide the grave,
It keeps the unhappy from thinking,
And makes 'em more valiant, more brave;
For me from the moment I twigg'd it,
The good ſtuff has ſo ſet me agog,
Sick or well, late or early,
Wind foully or fairly,
I've conſtantly, conſtantly ſwigg'd it;
And d—mne me, there's nothing like grog.

## *Jack Ratlin.*

JACK RATLIN was the ableſt ſeaman,
None like him could hand, reef, or ſteer;
No dang'rous toil, but he'd encounter
With ſkill, and in contempt of fear.
In fight a lion,—the battle ended,
Meek as the bleating lamb he'd prove;
Thus Jack had manners, courage, merit,
Yet did he ſigh,—and all for love.

The ſong the jeſt, the flowing liquor,
For none of theſe had Jack's regard;
He, while his meſſmates were carouſing,
High ſitting on his pending yard,
Would think upon his fair one's beauties,
Swear never from ſuch charms to rove;
That truly he'd adore them living,
And, dying, ſigh—to end his love.

The ſame expreſs the crew commanded
Once more to view their native land,
Amongſt the reſt brought Jack ſome tidings;
Would it had been his love's fair hand!
Oh! Fate! her death defac'd the letter—
Inſtant his pulſe forgot to move!
With quiv'ring lips, and eyes uplifted,
He heav'd a ſigh!—and dy'd for love.

## *The Sailor's Song.*

When it is night, and the mid-watch is come,
And chilling mists hang o'er the darken'd main,
Then sailors think of their far distant home,
And of those friends they ne'er may see again.
But when the fight's begun,
Each serving at his gun,
Should any thought of them come o'er your mind,—
Think, only, should the day be won,
How 'twill cheer
The heart, to hear
That their old companion—he was one.

Or, my lad, if you a mistress kind
Have left on shore,—some pretty girl and true,
Who many a night doth listen to the wind,
And sigh to think how it may fare with you;
O! when the fight's begun,
And serving at his gun,
Should any thought of her come o'er your mind—
Think, only should the day be won,
How 'twill cheer
Her heart, to hear
That her own true sailor—he was one.

---

## *Sweet Poll of Plymouth.*

Sweet Poll of Plymouth was my dear,
When forc'd from her to go;—

Adown her cheeks rain'd many a tear,
My heart was fraught with woe.—
Our anchor weigh'd, for ſea we ſtood,
The land we left behind;
Her tears then ſwell'd the briny flood,
My ſighs increas'd the wind.

We plow'd the deep, and now between
Us lay the ocean wide;
For five long years I had not ſeen
My ſweet, my bonny bride.
That time I ſail'd the world around,
All for my true love's ſake;
But preſs'd as we were homeward bound,
I thought my heart would break.

The preſs-gang bold I aſk'd in vain
To let me once on ſhore;
I long'd to ſee my Poll again,
But ſaw my Poll no more.
And have they torn my love away!
And is he gone!—ſhe cry'd;
My Polly—ſweeteſt flow'r of May,
She languiſh'd, droop'd, and dy'd.

---

## *Death or Liberty.*

WHILST happy in my native land,
I boaſt my country's charter;
I'll never baſely lend my hand
Her liberties to barter.

The noble mind is not at all
By poverty degraded;
'Tis guilt alone can make us fall,
And well I am perſuaded,
Each freeborn Briton's ſong ſhall be,
Give me death or liberty.
Give me death, &c.

Tho' ſmall the pow'r which fortune grants,
And few the gifts ſhe ſends us,
The lordly hireling often wants
That freedom which defends us:
By law ſecur'd from lawleſs ſtrife,
Our houſe is our caſtellum;
Thus bleſs'd with all that's dear in life,
For lucre ſhall we ſell 'em?
No!—ev'ry Briton's ſong ſhall be,
Give me death or liberty.
Give me death, &c.

---

*The Sailor's Farewell.*

The top-ſail ſhivers in the wind,
The ſhip ſhe caſts to ſea,
But yet, my ſoul, my heart, my mind,
Are, Mary, moor'd with thee;
For tho' thy ſailor's bound afar,
Still love ſhall be his leading ſtar.

Should landſmen flatter when we're fail'd,
O doubt their artful tales;
No gallant ſailor ever fail'd,
If love breath'd conſtant gales;
Thou art the compaſs of my ſoul,
Which ſteers my heart from pole to pole.

Syrens in every port we meet,
More fell than rocks and waves;
But ſuch as grace the Britiſh fleet,
Are lovers, and not ſlaves;
No foes our courage ſhall ſubdue,
Altho' we've left our hearts with you.

Theſe are our cares—but if you're kind,
We'll ſcorn the daſhing main,
The rocks, the billows, and the wind,
The power of France and Spain:
Now England's glory reſts with you,
Our ſails are full—ſweet girls adieu!

---

*A little Love, but urg'd with Care.*

Somehow my ſpindle I miſlaid,
And loſt it underneath the graſs;
Damon advancing, bow'd his head,
And ſaid, what ſeek you pretty laſs?
A little love, but urg'd with care.
Oft leads a heart, and leads it far.

'Twas paſſing by yon ſpreading oak,
That I my ſplindle loſt juſt now:
His knife then kindly Damon took,
And from the tree he cut a bough.
A little love, &c.

Thus did the youth his time employ,
While me he tenderly beheld;
He talk'd of love, I leap'd for joy,
For ah! my heart did fondly yield.
A little love, &c.

---

*Ma chere Amie.*

Ma chere amie, my charming fair,
Whoſe ſmiles can baniſh ev'ry care;
In kind compaſſion ſmile on me,
Whoſe only care is love of thee.
Ma chere amie, ma chere amie, ma chere amie,
ma chere amie.

Under ſweet friendſhip's ſacred name,
My boſom caught the tender flame;
May friendſhip in thy boſom be
Converted into love for me.
Ma chere amie, &c.

Together rear'd, together grown,
O let us now unite in one!

Let pity ſoften thy decree,
I droop, dear maid! I die for thee.
Ma chere amie, &c.

---

*The Roſe.*

No flower that blows is like this roſe,
Or ſcatters ſuch perfume;
Upon my breaſt, ah! gently reſt,
And ever, ever bloom!

Dear pledge to prove a parent's love,
A pleaſing gift thou art;
Come, ſweeteſt flower, and from this hour
Live henceforth in my heart!

---

*Roſina.*

Ere bright Roſina met my eyes,
How peaceful paſt the joyous day!
In rural ſports I gain'd the prize,
Each virgin liſten'd to my lay.

But now no more I touch the lyre,
No more the ruſtic ſports can pleaſe;
I live the ſlave of fond deſire,
Loſt to myſelf, to mirth, and eaſe.

The tree that, in a happier hour,
Its boughs extended o'er the plain,
When blaſted by the lightning's pow'r,
Nor charms the eye, nor ſhades the ſwain.

---

*The honeſt Sailor.*

THAT girl who fain wou'd chuſe a mate,
Shou'd ne'er in fondneſs fail her;
May thank her lucky ſtars, if Fate
Should ſplice her to a ſailor.

He braves the ſtorm, the battle's heat,
The yellow boys to nail her;
Diamonds, if diamonds ſhe could eat,
Wou'd ſeek her honeſt ſailor.

If ſhe be true, ſure of his heart,
She never need bewail her;
For tho' a thouſand leagues apart,
Still conſtant is her ſailor.

Tho' ſhe be falſe, ſtill he is kind,
And comes with ſmiles to hail her;
He truſting, as he truſts the wind,
Still faithleſs to her ſailor.

A butcher can procure her prog;
three threads to drink, a taylor:

What's that to biſcuit and to grog
Procur'd her by her ſailor?

She who wou'd ſuch a mate refuſe,
The devil ſure muſt ail her:
Search round, and if you're wiſe, you'll chuſe
To wed an honeſt ſailor.

---

*Love in low Life.*

YOUNG Jockey he courted ſweet Moggy ſo fair,
The laſs ſhe was lovely, the ſwain debonair:
They hugg'd, and they cuddl'd, and talk'd with their eyes,
And look'd, as all lovers do, wonderful wiſe.

A fortnight was ſpent, ere dear Moggy came too;
(For maidens a decency keep when they woo);
At length ſhe conſented, and made him a vow:
And Jockey he gave for her jointure his cow.

They pannel'd their dobbins, and rode to the fair;
Still kiſſing and fondling until they came there,
They call'd on the parſon, and by him were wed,
And Moggy ſhe took her dear Jockey to bed.

They ſtaid there a week, as the neighbours all ſay,
And none were ſo happy and gameſome as they:
Then home they return'd, but return'd moſt unkind,
For Jockey rode on, and left Moggy behind.

Surpris'd at this treatment, ſhe cry'd Gaffer Jock,
Pray what is the reaſon that Moggy you mock?
Quoth he, Gooſe, come on, why you're now my
bride;
And when volk are wed, they ſet fooling aſide.

He took home his Moggy, good conduct to learn,
Who bruſh'd up the houſe while he thatch'd the
old barn;
They laid in a ſtock for the cares that enſue,
And now live as man and wife uſually do.

---

*On Friendſhip.*

The world, my dear Myra, is full of deceit,
And friendſhip's a jewel we ſeldom can meet;
How ſtrange does it ſeem, that in ſearching around,
This ſource of content is ſo rare to be found.

O friendſhip! thou balm and rich ſweetner of life,
Kind parent of eaſe, and compoſer of ſtrife;
Without thee, alas! what are riches and pow'r,
But empty deluſion, the joys of an hour?

How much to be priz'd and eſteem'd is a friend,
On whom we may always with ſafety depend;
Our joys when extended, will always increaſe,
And griefs, when divided, are huſh'd into peace.

When fortune is ſmiling, what crowds will appear,
Their kindneſs to offer, and friendſhip ſincere;
Yet change but the proſpect, and point out diſtreſs,
No longer to court you they eagerly preſs.

---

*Heigho! that I for Hunger ſhould die!*

A VOYAGE over ſeas had not enter'd my head,
Had I known on which ſide to have butter'd my bread.
Heigho! ſure I—for hunger muſt die!
I've ſail'd like a booby; come here in a ſquall,
Where alas! there's no bread to be butter'd at all!
Oho! I'm a terrible booby!
Oh, what a loſt mutton am I!

In London, what gay chop-houſe ſigns in the ſtreet!
But only the ſign here is of nothing to eat.
Heigho! that I for hunger ſhou'd die!
My mutton's all loſt, I'm a poor ſtarving elf.
And all for the world like a loſt mutton myſelf.
Oho! I ſhall die a loſt mutton!
Oh, what a loſt mutton am I!

For a neat ſlice of beef, I cou'd roar like a bull,
And my ſtomach's ſo empty, my heart is quite full.
Heigho! that I—for hunger ſhou'd die!

But grave without meat, I muſt here meet my grave,
For my bacon, I fancy, I never ſhall ſave.
Oho! I ſhall ne'er ſave my bacon!
I can't ſave my bacon, not I!

---

## Duet. *Inkle and Yarico.*

*Inkle.*

O SAY, ſimple maid, have you form'd any notion
Of all the rude dangers in croſſing the ocean?
When winds whiſtle ſhrilly, ah! won't they remind you
To ſigh with regret for the grot left behind you?

*Yarico.*

Ah! no, I could follow, and ſail the world over,
Nor think of my grot, when I look at my lover!
The winds which blow round us, your arms for my pillow,
Will lull us to ſleep, whilſt we're rock'd by each billow.

*Inkle.*

" Then ſay, lovely laſs, what if haply eſpying
A rich gallant veſſel with gay colours flying?

*Yarico.*

I'll journey with thee, love, to where the land narrows.
And fling all my cares at my back with my arrows."

*Both.*

O ſay then, my true love, we never will ſunder,
Nor ſhrink from the tempeſt, nor dread the big thunder;
Whilſt conſtant, we'll laugh at all changes of weather,
And journey all over the world both together.

---

## *The general Toaſt.*

HERE's to the maiden of baſhful fifteen,
Likewiſe to the widow of fifty;
Here's to the bold and extravagant quean,
And here's to the houſewiſe that's thrifty.
Let the toaſt paſs,
Drink to the laſs,
I'll warrant ſhe'll prove an excuſe for the glaſs.

Here's to the maiden whoſe dimples we prize,
And likewiſe to her that has none, Sir,
Here's to the maid with a pair of blue eyes,
And here's to her that's but one, Sir.
Let the toaſt paſs, &c.

Here's to the maid with a boſom of ſnow,
And to her that's as brown as a berry;
And here's to the wife with a face full of woe,
And here's to the girl that's merry.
Let the toaſt paſs, &c.

Let her be clumſy, or let her be ſlim,
Young or ancient I care not a feather,
So fill the pint bumper quite up to the brim,
And e'en let us toaſt them together.
Let the toaſt paſs,
Drink to the laſs,
I'll warrant ſhe'll prove an excuſe for the glaſs.

---

## *The Bluſh of Aurora.*

The bluſh of Aurora now tinges the morn,
And dew-drops beſpangle the ſweet-ſcented thorn;
Then, ſound, brother ſportſman, ſound, ſound the gay horn,
Till Phœbus awakens the day,
And ſee, now he riſes in ſplendor how bright!
IO Pæan for Phœbus, the god of delight;
All glorious in beauty, now vaniſh the night,
Then mount, boys, to horſe, and away.

What raptures can equal the joys of the chace?
Health, bloom, and contentment appear in each face,
And in our ſwift courſers what beauty and grace,
While we the fleet ſtag do purſue?

At the deep and harmonious cry of the hounds,
Struck by terror, he burſts from the foreſt's wide bounds,
And though like the lightning he darts o'er the grounds,
Yet ſtill boys, we have him in view.

When chac'd till quite ſpent, he his life does reſign,
Our victim we'll offer at Bachus's ſhrine,
And revel in honour of Nimrod divine,
That hunter ſo mighty of fame:
Our glaſſes then charge to our country and king;
Love and beauty we'll charge to, and jovially ſing,
Wiſhing health and ſucceſs till we make the houſe ring,
To all ſportſmen and ſons of the game!

---

*How imperfect is Expreſſion.*

How imperfect is expreſſion,
Some emotions to impart;
When we mean a ſoft confeſſion,
And yet ſeek to hide the heart!

When our boſoms, all complying,
With delicious tumults ſwell,
And beat, what broken, fault'ring, dying,
Language would, but cannot tell!

Deep confuſion's roſy terror,
Quite expreſſive, paints my cheek;
Aſk no more—behold your error—
Bluſhes eloquently ſpeak.

What, tho' ſilent is my anguiſh,
Or breath'd only to the air,
Mark my eyes, and as they languiſh,
Read what your's have written there.

O that you could once conceive me!
Once my ſoul's ſtrong feeling view!
Love has nought more fond, believe me;
Friendſhip nothing half ſo true.

From you I am wild, deſpairing;
With you, ſpeechleſs as I touch;
This is all that bears declaring,
And, perhaps, declares too much.

---

*As ſure as a Gun.*

All you who wou'd wiſh to ſucceed with a laſs,
Learn how the affair's to be done:
For, if you ſtand fooling, and ſhy, like an aſs,
You'll loſe her, as ſure as a gun.

With whining, and ſighing, and vows, and all that,
As far as you pleaſe you may run;

She'll hear you, and jeer you, and give you a pat,
But jilt you as ſure as a gun.

To worſhip, and call her bright goddeſs, is fine,
But, mark you the conſequence—mum;
The baggage will think herſelf really divine,
And ſcorn you as ſure as a gun.

Then be with a maiden, bold, frolic, and ſtout,
And no opportunity ſhun;
She'll tell you ſhe hates you, and ſwear ſhe'll cry out,
But mum—ſhe's as ſure as a gun.

---

*The wand'ring Sailor.*

The wand'ring ſailor ploughs the main,
A competence in life to gain,
Undaunted braves the ſtormy ſeas,
To find, at leaſt, content and eaſe;
In hopes, when toil and danger's o'er,
To anchor on his native ſhore.

When winds blow hard, and mountains roll,
And thunders ſhake from pole to pole;
Tho' dreadful waves ſurrounding foam,
Still flatt'ring fancy wafts him home;
In hopes, when toil and danger's o'er,
To anchor on his native ſhore.

When round the bowl the jovial crew
The early ſcenes of youth renew,
Tho each his fav'rite fair will boaſt,
This is the univerſal toaſt—
May we, when toil and danger's o'er,
Caſt anchor on our native ſhore!

---

## *Poor Tom.*

THEN farewell my trim-built wherry,
Oars, and coat, and badge, farewell;
Never more at Chelſea ferry,
Shall your Thomas take a ſpell.

But to hope and peace a ſtranger,
In the battle's heat I go;
Where expos'd to ev'ry danger,
Some friendly ball ſhall lay me low.

Then mayhap when homeward ſteering,
With the news by meſs-mates come,
Even you the ſtory hearing,
With a ſigh may cry—Poor Tom!

---

## SONG. *Poor Soldier.*

SLEEP on, ſleep on, my Kathleen dear,
May peace poſſeſs thy breaſt;

Yet doſt thou dream thy true-love's here,
Depriv'd of peace and reſt.

The birds ſing ſweet, the morning breaks,
Theſe joys are none to me:
Tho' ſleep is fled, poor Dermot wakes,
To none but love and thee.

---

*What care we for France or Spain.*

Lord, what care we for France or Spain?
Why, let them rave and bellow:
Since Rodney rules upon the main,
O! he's a charming fellow.

De Graſſe he crow'd like Gallic cock,
And made his cannons bellow;
But Rodney hit him ſuch a knock,
O! he's a charming fellow.

Mynheer he met with, ſome time ſince,
Which did his honour ſwell-o;
When Digby with our Royal Prince
Call'd him a charming fellow.

Our foes he'll trim, where'er he goes,
Ye bells his glory tell-o;
France, Spain, and Holland he'll oppoſe,
O what a charming fellow?

From north to ſouth, from eaſt to weſt,
Our enemies he'll quell-o;
Of all our admirals he's the beſt,
O! what a charming fellow.

Come, toſs the bumper now around,
Let fame her trumpet ſwell-o;
Wherever Rodney's name is found,
They'll call him charming fellow.

---

*Britiſh Tar.*

Thus, thus, my boys, our anchor's weigh'd;
See Briton's glorious flag diſplay'd!
Unfurl the ſwelling ſail!
Sound, ſound your ſhells, ye Tritons ſound!
Let ever heart with joy rebound!
We ſcud before the gale.

See Neptune quits his wat'ry car,
Depos'd by Jove's decree,
Who hails a free-born Britiſh tar,
The ſov'reign of the ſea.

Now, now we leave the land behind,
Our loving wives, and ſweethearts kind,
Perhaps to meet no more!

Great George commands; it muſt be ſo;
And glory calls; then let us go!
Nor ſigh a wiſh for ſhore.
For Neptune, &c.

A ſail a-head, our decks we clear;
Our canvas crowd; the chace we're near;
In vain the Frenchman flies.
A broadſide pour'd through clouds of ſmoke,
Our captain roars—My hearts of oak,
Now draw and board your prize!
For Neptune, &c.

The ſcuppers run with Gallic gore;
The white flag ſtruck; monſieur no more
Diſputes the Britiſh ſway.
A prize! we tow her into port,
And hark! ſalutes from ev'ry fort!
Huzza! my ſouls, huzza!
For Neptune, &c.

---

*The Twins of Latona.*

The twins of Latona ſo kind to my boon,
Ariſe to partake of the chace;
And Sol lend a ray to chaſte Dian's fair moon,
And a ſmile to the ſmiles of her face.

For the ſport I delight in, the bright Queen of love
With myrtles my brow ſhall adorn,
While Pan breaks his chaunter, and ſkulks in the grove,
Excell'd by the ſound of the horn.

The dogs are uncoupl'd, and ſweet is their cry,
Yet ſweeter the notes of ſweet echo's reply;
Hark forward, hark forward, the game is in view,
But love is the game that I wiſh to purſue.

The ſtag from his chamber of woodbine peeps out,
His ſentence he hears in the gale;
Yet flies, till entangl'd in fear and in doubt,
His courage and conſtancy fail.

Surrounded by foes, he prepares for the fray,
Deſpair taking place of his fear!
With antlers erected a while ſtands at bay,
Then ſurrenders his life with a tear.
The dogs are, &c.

---

## *Tally Ho.*

Ye ſportſmen draw near, and ye ſportſwomen too,
Who delight in the joys of the field,
Mankind, tho' they blame, are all eager as you,
And no one the conteſt will yield;

His lordſhip, his worſhip, his honour, his grace,
A hunting continually go,
All ranks and degrees are engag'd in the chace,
With hark forward, huzza! tally ho.

The lawyer will riſe with the firſt in the morn,
To hunt for a mortgage or deed,
The huſband gets up at the ſound of the horn,
And rides to the common full ſpeed;
The patriot is thrown in purſuit of the game,
The poet too often lies low,
Who, mounted on Pegaſus flies after Fame,
With hark forward, huzza! tally ho.

While fearleſs o'er hills, and o'er woodlands we ſweep,
Tho' prudes on our paſtimes may frown,
How oft do they decency's bounds o'erleap,
And the fences of virtue break down?
Thus public, or private, for penſion, for place,
For amuſement, for paſſion, for ſhow,
All ranks and degrees are engag'd in the chace,
With hark forward, huzza! tally ho.

---

*The Sailor's Advice.*

As you mean to ſet ſail for the land of delight,
And in wedlock's ſoft hammocks to ſwing ev'ry night,

If you hope that your voyage ſucceſsful ſhould prove,
Fill your ſails with affection, your cabbins with love.
Fill your ſails, &c.

Let your hearts, like your main-maſt, be ever upright,
And the union you boaſt, like your tackle be tight,
Of the ſhoals of indiff'rence be ſure you keep clear,
And the quickſands of jealouſy never come near.
And the quickſands, &c.

If vapours and whims, like ſea-ſickneſs prevail,
You muſt ſpread all your canvas, and catch the freſh gale;
But if briſk blows the wind, and there comes a rough ſea,
Then lower your top-ſails, and ſcud under lee.
Then lower, &c.

If huſbands, you hope to live peaceable lives,
Keep the reck'ning yourſelves, give the helm to your wives,
For the evener we go, boys, the better we ſail,
And on ſhipboard the head is ſtill rul'd by the tail.
And on ſhipboard, &c.

Then liſten to your pilot, my boys, and be wiſe,
If my precepts you ſcorn, and my maxims deſpiſe,

A brace of proud antlers your brows may adorn,
And a hundred to one but you double Cape Horn,
And a hundred, &c.

---

*The happy Soldier.*

How happy's the ſoldier who lives on his pay,
And ſpends half-a-crown out of ſixpence a-day;
Yet fears neither juſtice, warrants, nor bums,
But pays all his debts with the roll of his drum.
With a row-de-dow, &c.

He cares not a marvedy how the world goes,
His king finds him quarters, and money, and clothes;
He laughs at all ſorrow whenever it comes,
And rattles away with the roll of the drum.
With a row-de-dow, &c.

The drum is his glory, his joy, and delight,
It leads him to pleaſure, as well as to fight;
No girl when ſhe hears it, tho' ever ſo glum,
But packs up her tatters and follows the drum.
With a row-de-dow, &c.

*Balynamono. Ora.*

You know I'm your prieſt and your conſcience is
mine,
But if you grow wicked, 'tis not a good ſign,
So leave off your racking and marry a wife,
And then, my dear Darby, you're ſettl'd for life.
Sing Ballynamono Oro,
A good merry wedding for me.

The bans being publiſh'd, to chapel we go,
The bride and bridegroom in coats white as ſnow,
So modeſt her air, and ſo ſheepiſh your look,
You out with your ring, and I pull out my book,
Sing Ballynamono, &c.

I thumb out the place, and I then read away,
He bluſhes at love, and ſhe whiſpers obey,
You take her dear hand to have and to hold,
I ſhut up my book, and I pocket your gold.
Sing Ballynamono, &c.
That ſnug little guinea for me.

The neighbours wiſh joy to the bridegroom and
bride,
The pipers before us march ſide by ſide;
A plentiful dinner gives mirth to each face;
The piper plays up, myſelf I ſay the grace.
Sing Ballynamono, &c.
A good wedding dinner for me.

The joke now goes round, and the ſtocking is
thrown;
The curtains are drawn, and you're both left a-
alone;
'Tis then my good boy, I believe you at home,
And hy for a chriſt'ning at nine months to come,
Sing Ballynamono, &c.
A good merry chriſt'ning for me.

---

*Patty Clover.*

When little on the village green
We play'd, I learn'd to love her;
She ſeem'd to me ſome fairy queen,
So light tripp'd Patty Clover.

With ev'ry ſimple childiſh art
I try'd each day to move her;
The cherry pluck'd the bleeding heart,
To give to Patty Clover.

The faireſt flow'rs to deck her breaſt,
I choſe—an infant lover;
I ſtole the goldfinch from its neſt,
To give to Patty Clover.

*Song.*

I SAIL'D in the good ſhip Kitty,
With a ſtiff blowing gale and rough ſea,
Left Polly the lads call ſo pretty,
Safe here at anchor, yo yea, yo yea, yo yea,
yo yea, yo yea.
She blubber'd ſalt tears when we parted,
And cry'd, now be conſtant to me;
I told her not to be down-hearted,
So up with the anchor, yo yea.
When the wind whiſtl'd larboard and ſtarboard,
And the ſtorm came on weather and lee,
The hope I with her ſhould be harbour'd,
Was my cable and anchor, yo yea.
And yet, my boys, would you believe me,
I return'd with no rhino from ſea;
My Polly wou'd never receive me,
So again I heav'd anchor, yo yea.

---

*The Bowmen of the Border.*

WHERE Tweed and Teviot ſtreams unite,
And flow in ſocial order;
I ſing with no unmeaning flight,
The bowmen of the border.
In Kelſo form'd on ſocial plan,
The band that rivets man to man,
Each gallant bowman's enter'd,
Where humour, wit, and ſenſe combine,

To lend their aid, with gen'rous wine,
In theſe true joys are center'd.
Long, long renown'd, for fame and ſkill,
By Time that old recorder;
Where Scotia's ſons, the foe to kill,
By bowmen of the border.

Of high renown, in days of yore,
A noble bowman ſtood, Sir;
Ulyſſes, fam'd in claſſic lore,
Whoſe bow no man withſtood, Sir:
Fam'd Robin Hood, and little John,
And many a brave and gallant ſon,
Who drew the twanging yew, Sir;
But Robin Hood, nor little John,
Nor any who the target won,
Were archers e'er more true, Sir.
Long, long renown'd, &c.

Nor leſs to fight their country's cauſe,
The band of bowmen came, Sir;
Protectors of its valu'd laws,
As well as kill the game, Sir,
Oh, let me for a moment dwell,
On that bold archer William Tell*,
Who gave his country freedom,
And be this theme, our conſtant toaſt,
May we an equal virtue boaſt,
To uſe ours when we need 'em.
Long, long renown'd, for fame and ſkill,
The firſt in martial order,
Be Scotia's ſons, their foe to kill,
By bowmen of the border.

* The Switſir.

## *The Plough Boy.*

A FLAXEN-headed cow boy,
As ſimple as may be,
And next a merry plough boy,
I whiſtled o'er the lea:
But now a ſaucy footman,
I ſtrut in worſted lace,
And ſoon I'll be a butler,
And wag my jolly face.

When ſteward I'm promoted,
I'll ſnip a tradeſman's bill,
My maſter's coffers empty,
My pockets for to fill:
When lolling in my chariot,
So great a man I'll be,
You'll forget the little plough-boy
That whiſtled o'er the lea.

I'll buy votes at elections,
But when I've made the pelf,
I'll ſtand poll for parliament,
And then vote in myſelf:
Whatever's good for me, Sir,
I never will oppoſe;
When all my ayes are ſold off,
Why, then I'll ſell my noes.

I'll joke, harangue, and paragraph,
With ſpeeches charm the ear,

And when I'm tir'd on my legs,
  Then I'll ſit down a peer.
In court or city honour,
  So great a man I'll be,
You'll forget the little plough boy
  That whiſtl'd o'er the lea.

---

*The Miller.*

Merry may the maid be
  That marries the miller,
For foul day and fair day
  He's ay bringing till her;
Has ay a penny in his purſe
  For dinner and for ſupper:
And gin ye pleaſe, a good fat cheeſe,
  And lumps of yellow butter.

When Jamie firſt did woo me,
  I ſpier'd what was his calling;
Fair maid, ſays he, O come and ſee,
  Ye're welcome to my dwelling:
Though I was ſhy, yet I cou'd ſpy,
  The truth of what he told me,
And that his houſe was warm and couth,
  And room in it to hold me.

Behind the door a bag of meal,
  And in the kiſt was plenty;

Of good hard cakes his mither bakes,
And bannocks were na ſcanty;
A good fat ſow, and ſleeky cow
Was ſtanding in the byre;
Whilſt lazy puſs with meally mouſe,
Was playing at the fire.

Good ſigns are theſe, my mither ſays,
And bids me tak the miller;
For foul day and fair day,
He's ay bringing till her;
For meal and ma't ſhe does na want,
Nor ony thing that's dainty:
And now and then a keckling hen
To lay her eggs in plenty.

In winter when the wind and rain
Blaws o'er the houſe and byre,
He ſits beſide a clean hearth ſtane,
Before a rouſing fire:
With nut-brown ale, he tells his tale,
Which rows him o'er fou nappy;
Who'd be a king?—a petty thing,
When a miller lives ſo happy.

---

## *Totterdown-hill.*

At Totterdown-hill there dwelt an old pair,
And it may be they dwell there ſtill,
Much riches indeed did not fall to their ſhare,
They kept a ſmall farm and a mill.

But fully content with what they did get,
They knew not of guile nor of arts;
One daughter they had, her name it was Bet,
And ſhe was the pride of their hearts.

Nut-brown were her locks, her ſhape it was ſtraight,
Her eyes were as black a ſloe:
Her teeth were milk-white, full ſmart was her gait,
And ſleek was her ſkin as a doe:
All thick were the clouds, and the rain it did pour,
No bit of blue ſky could be ſpy'd,
A child, wet and cold, came and knock'd at the door,
Its mam it had loſt, and it cry'd.

Young Bet was as mild as the mornings of May,
The babe ſhe hugg'd cloſe to her breaſt;
She chaf'd him all o'er, and ſmil'd as he lay,
She kiſs'd him and lull'd him to reſt;
But who do you think ſhe had got for her prize?
Why Love, the ſly maſter of arts!
No ſooner he wak'd, but he dropp'd his diſguiſe,
And ſhew'd her his wings and his darts.

Quoth he, I am Love; but, oh, be not afraid,
Tho' all I may ſhake at my will;
So good and kind have you been, my fair maid,
No harm ſhall you feel from my ſkill;
My mother ne'er dealt with ſuch fondneſs by me,
A friend you ſhall find in me ſtill;

Take my quiver and ſhoot, be greater than ſhe,
The Venus of Totterdown-hill.

---

*Johnny and Mary.*

Down the burn, and thro' the mead,
His golden locks wav'd o'er his brow,
Johnny lilting tun'd his reed,
And Mary wip'd her bonny mou'.

Dear ſhe loo'd the well known ſong,
While her Johnny, blithe and bonny,
Sung her praiſe the whole day long,
Down the burn, &c.

Coſtly claithes ſhe had but few,
Of rings and jewels nae great ſtore,
Her face was fair, her love was true,
And Johnny wiſely wiſh'd no more;
Love's the pearl, the ſhepherd's prize,
O'er the mountain, near the fountain,
Love delights the ſhepherd's eyes.
Down the burn, &c.

Gold and title gives not health,
And Johnny could nae theſe impart;
Youthful Mary's greateſt wealth,
Was ſtill her faithful Johnny's heart;
Sweet the joys the lovers find!

Great the treaſure, ſweet the pleaſure
Where the heart is always kind.
Down the burn, &c.

---

*Laſt Time I came o'er the Muir.*

THE laſt time I came o'er the muir,
I left my love behind me!
Ye pow'rs! what pain do I endure,
When ſoft ideas mind me?
Soon as the ruddy morn diſplay'd
The beaming day enſuing,
I met betimes my lovely maid,
In fit retreats for wooing.

Beneath the cooling ſhade we lay,
Gazing and chaſtly and ſporting;
We kiſs'd and promis'd time away,
Till night ſpread her black curtain.
I pitied all beneath the ſkies,
Ev'n king's when ſhe was nigh me,
In raptures I beheld her eyes,
Which could but ill deny me.

Should I be call'd where cannons roar,
Where mortal ſteel may wound me,
Or caſt upon ſome foreign ſhore,
Where dangers may ſurround me;
Yet hopes again to ſee my love,
To feaſt on glowing kiſſes,

Shall make my care at diſtance move,
In proſpect of ſuch bliſſes.

In all my ſoul there's not one place
To let a rival enter;
Since ſhe excels in ev'ry grace,
In her my love ſhall center.
Sooner the ſeas ſhall ceaſe to flow,
Their waves the Alps ſhall cover,
On Greenland's ice ſhall roſes grow,
Before I ceaſe to love her.

The next time I gang oe'r the muir,
She ſhall a lover find me;
And that my faith is firm and pure,
Tho' I left her behind me:
Then Hymen's ſacred bands ſhall chain
My heart to her fair boſom;
There, while my being does remain,
My love more freſh ſhall bloſſom.

---

## *Tweed-ſide.*

What beauties does Flora diſcloſe?
How ſweet are her ſmiles upon Tweed?
Yet Mary's ſtill ſweeter than thoſe;
Both nature and fancy exceed.
Nor daiſy, nor ſweet-bluſhing roſe,
Nor all the gay flow'rs of the field,



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Nor Tweed gliding gently thro' thoſe,
Such beauty and pleaſure does yield.

The warblers are heard in the grove,
The linnet, the lark, and the thruſh,
The blackbird and ſweet cooing dove,
With muſic enchant ev'ry buſh.
Come, let us go forth to the mead,
Let us ſee how the primroſes ſpring;
We'll lodge in ſome village on Tweed,
And love while the feather'd folks ſing.

How does my love paſs the long day?
Does Mary not keep a few ſheep?
Do they never careleſsly ſtray,
While happily ſhe lies aſleep!
Tweed's murmurs ſhould lull her to reſt;
Kind nature indulging my bliſs,
To relieve the ſoft pains of my breaſt,
I'd ſteal an ambroſial kiſs.

'Tis ſhe does the virgins excel,
No beauty with her may compare;
Love's graces around her do dwell,
She's faireſt, where thouſands are fair.
Say, charmer, where doth thy flocks ſtray?
Oh! tell me at noon where they feed;
Shall I ſeek them on ſweet winding Tay,
Or the pleaſant banks of the Tweed?

## Song. *Quaker.*

While the lads in the village ſhall merrily ah,
Sound their tabors, I'll lead thee along,
And I will ſay unto thee, that merrily ah,
Thou and I will be the firſt in the throng.

Juſt then, when the youth who laſt year won the dow'r,
And his mate ſhall the ſports have begun,
When the gay voice of gladneſs reſounds from its bow'r
And thou long'ſt in thy heart to make one,
While the lads, &c.

Thoſe joys that are harmleſs what mortal can blame?
'Tis my maxim that youth ſhould be free;
And to prove that my words and my deed are the ſame,
Believe thou ſhalt preſently ſee,
While the lads, &c.

---

## *The Loves of John and Jean.*

Sing the loves of John and Jean,
Sing the loves of Jean and John;
John for her would leave a queen,
Jean, for him, the nobleſt don.
She's his queen,
He's her don;

John loves Jean,
And Jean loves John.

Whate'er rejoices happy Jean
Is ſure to burſt the ſides of John,
Does ſhe, for grief, look thin and lean,
He inſtantly is pale and wan;
Thin and lean,
Pale and wan,
John loves Jean,
And Jean loves John.

'Twas the lilly hand of Jean
Fill'd the glaſs of happy John;
And, heav'ns! how joyful was ſhe ſeen
When he was for a licence gone!
Joyful ſeen,
They'll dance anon,
For John weds Jean,
And Jean weds John.

John has ta'en to wife his Jean,
Jean's become the wife of John,
She no longer is his queen,
He no longer is her don.
No more queen,
No more don;
John hates Jean,
And Jean hates John.

Whate'er it is that pleaſes Jean,
Is certain now to diſpleaſe John;

With ſcolding they're grown thin and lean,
With ſpleen and ſpite they're pale and wan.
Thin and lean,
Pale and wan,
John hates Jean,
And Jean hates John.

John prays heaven to take his Jean,
Jean at the devil wiſhes John;
He'll dancing on her grave be ſeen,
She'll laugh when he is dead and gone.
They'll gay be ſeen,
Dead and gone,
For John hates Jean,
And Jean hates John.

---

## *Bold Jack.*

While up the ſhrouds the ſailor goes,
Or ventures on the yard,
The landman, who no better knows
Believes his lot is hard;
But Jack with ſmiles each danger meets,
Caſts anchor, heaves the log,
Trims all the ſails, belays the ſheets,
And drinks his can of grog.

When mountains high the waves that ſwell
The veſſel rudely bear,

Now ſinking in a hollow dell,
Now quiv'ring in the air,
Bold Jack, &c.

When waves 'gainſt rocks and quickſands roar,
You ne'er hear him repine,
Freezing near Greenland's icy ſhore,
Or burning near the line;
Bold Jack, &c.

If to engage they give the word,
To quarters all repair,
While ſplinter'd maſts go by the board,
And ſhot ſing thro' the air,
Bold Jack, &c.

---

*The poor old Woman of eighty.*

How kind and how good of his dear majeſty,
In the midſt of his matters ſo weighty,
To think of ſo lowly a creature as me,
A poor old woman of eighty.

Were your ſparks to come round me, in love with each charm,
Say I have nothing to ſay t'ye;
I can get a young fellow to keep my back warm,
Tho' a poor old woman of eighty.

John Strong is as comely a lad as you'll ſee,
And one that will ne'er ſay nay t'ye;
I cannot but think what a comfort he'll be
To me, an old woman of eighty.

Then fear not, ye fair ones, tho' long paſt your youth,
You'll have lovers in ſcores beg and pray t'ye,
Only think of my fortune, who have but one tooth,
A poor old woman of eighty.

---

## *Poor Yanko.*

When Yanko, dear, fight far away,
Some token kind me ſend;
One branch of olive, for dat ſay
Me wiſh de battle end.

The poplar tremble while him go,
Say of dy life take care,
Me ſend no laurel, for me know
Of dat he find no ſhare.

De ivy ſay my heart be true,
Me droop, ſay willow tree,
De torn he ſay me ſick for you,
De ſun-flower, tink of me.

Till laſt me go weep wid de pine,
For fear poor Yanko dead;

He come, and I de myrtle twine,
In chaplet for him head.

---

## *A Bed of Moſs.*

A BED of moſs we'll ſtraight prepare,
Where near him gently creeping,
We'll pat his cheeks, and ſtroke his hair,
And watch him while he's ſleeping.

Sweet flowers of every ſcent and hue,
Pinks, violets, and roſes,
And blooming hyacinths we'll ſtrew,
As ſweetly he repoſes.

And we'll with fond emotion ſtart,
And while, with admiration,
We ſoftly feel his fluttering heart
Partake its palpitation.

---

## *The Lawyer's Life.*

BY roguery 'tis true,
I opulent grew,
Juſt like any other profeſſional ſinner;
An orphan, d'ye ſee,
Would juſt waſh down my tea,
And a poor friendleſs widow would ſerve me for dinner.

I was to be ſure,
Of the helpleſs and poor
A guardian appointed to manage the pelf;
And I manag'd it well,
But how—ſay you—tell?
Why I let them all ſtarve to take care of myſelf.

With theſe tricks I went on,
Till, faith ſir, anon,
A parcel of ſtupid, mean-ſpirited ſouls,
As they narrowly watch'd me,
Soon at my tricks catch'd me,
And, in their own words, haul'd me over the coals.

In the pillory, that fate
For rogues ſoon or late,
I ſtood, for the ſport of a diſſolute mob;
Till my neck maſter Ketch
Was ſo eager to ſtretch,
That I gave up the thing as a dangerous job.

Now a wolf—from their dams
I ſteal plenty of lambs,
Pamper'd high, and well fed—an inſatiable glutton,
In much the ſame ſphere
When a man, I move here,
Make and break laws at pleaſure, and kill my own mutton.

Then ſince, for their ſport,
No one here moves the court,
Nor am I amenable to an employer,
I ſhall for ever prefer,
With your leave, my good ſir,
The life of a wolf to the life of a lawyer.

## *The Yellow-hair'd Laddie.*

In April, when primroſes paint the ſweet plain,
And ſummer approaching rejoiceth the ſwain;
The yellow-hair'd laddie would oftentimes go
To wilds and deep glens where the hawthorn-trees grow.

There, under the ſhade of an old ſacred thorn,
With freedom he ſung his love's ev'ning and morn;
He ſang with ſo ſaft and enchanting a ſound,
That ſylvans and fairies unſeen danc'd around.

The ſhepherd thus ſung, Tho' young Maya be fair,
Her beauty is daſh'd with a ſcornfu' proud air;
But Suſie was handſome, and ſweetly could ſing;
Her breath, like the breezes, perfum'd in the ſpring.

That Madie, in all the gay charms of her youth,
Like the moon was inconſtant, and never ſpoke truth;
But Suſie was faithful, good humour'd, and free,
And fair as the goddeſs that ſprung from the ſea.

That mamma's fine daughter, with all her great dow'r,
Was awkwardly airy, and frequently ſour;
Then, ſighing, he wiſh'd, would parents agree,
The witty ſweet Suſie his miſtreſs might be.

## *Woman for Man.*

WINE, wine we allow the briſk fountain of mirth,
It frights away care, and gives jollity birth;
Yet, while we thus freely great Bacchus approve,
Let's pay the glad tribute to Venus and Love;
For do what you will, nay, or ſay what you can,
Who loves not a woman, the wretch is not man.

To the charms of the ſex, let us cheerful reſign
Our youth and our vigour, they're better than wine:
There's merit, I own, in a gay ſparkling glaſs,
But can it compare with a lovely kind laſs?
No, it cannot compare, you may ſay what you can,
Who prefers not a woman, the wretch is not man.

The enchantments of beauty what force can repel?
The eye's pow'rful magic, the boſom's ſoft ſwell,
The look ſo endearing, the kind melting kiſs,
The enjoyments of love are all raptures of bliſs;
Then who woman refuſes rejects nature's plan,
He may ſay what he will, but the wretch is no man.

May ſcandal, misfortune, and direful diſgrace,
Be the portion of all th' effeminate race;
Like Britain, what nation on earth can they find
Whoſe nymphs are ſo fair, ſo inviting and kind?
Then who woman refuſes rejects nature's plan,
May they ſuffer like brutes, nor be pity'd by man.

From a ſtriking example my moral ſhall ſpring,
Who'd act like a man, let him copy his king;
Like George in his youth, the gay ſpring-tide of life,
Let every good fellow now take him a wife.
When by Hymen you're bleſs'd, reſt ſecurely, for then
You'll have nothing to do but to prove yourſelves men.

---

## *'Tis a Huſband I mean.*

When firſt a maid within her breaſt,
Perceives the ſubtile flame,
She finds a ſomething break her reſt,
Yet knows not whence it came.
A huſband 'tis ſhe wants.

Now riper grown, at ſight of man,
Her ſwelling boſom glows;
Old maids, may ſay, the ſex trepan,
But Miſs much better knows.
A huſband 'tis ſhe wants.

If pale and wan the drooping fair
Seems ſinking in her grave;
In vain is medicinal care,
'Tis this alone can ſave.
A huſband 'tis I mean.

Let maidens ſtale their doctrine preach
'Gainſt what like us they love;
For, truſt me, they the ſame would teach,
If they the ſame could have.
A huſband 'tis I mean.

Then on, dear girls, and boldly prove
There's truth in what I ſay:
Let Hymen take the torch of love,
And gild each happy day.
A huſband 'tis I mean.

---

*Broom of Cowdenknows.*

When ſummer comes, the ſwains on Tweed
Sing their ſucceſsful loves,
Around the ewes and lambkins feed,
and muſic fills the groves.

But my lov'd ſong is then the broom
So fair on Cowdenknows;
For ſure ſo ſweet, ſo ſoft a bloom
Elſewhere there never grows.

There Colin tun'd his oaten reed,
and won my yielding heart:
No ſhepherd e'er that dwelt on Tweed
Cou'd play with half ſuch art.

He ſung of Tay, of Forth, and Clyde,
The hills and dales around,
Of Leaderhaughs and Leaderſide,
Oh! how I bleſs'd the ſound.

Yet more delightful is the broom,
So fair on Cowdenknows;
For ſure ſo freſh, ſo bright a bloom
Elſewhere there never grows.

Not Tiviot braes, ſo green and gay,
May with this broom compare,
Nor Yarrow banks in flow'ry May,
Nor buſh aboon Traquair.

More pleaſing far are Cowdenknows,
My peaceful happy home,
Where I was won't to milk my ewes
At e'en among the broom.

Ye pow'rs that haunt the woods and plains
Where Tweed and Tiviot flows,
Convey me to the beſt of ſwains,
And my lov'd Cowdenknows.

## *Birks of Invermay.*

The ſmiling morn, the breathing ſpring,
Invite the tunefu' birds to ſing;
And while they warble from each ſpray,
Love melts the univerſal lay;
Let us, Amanda, timely wiſe,
Like them improve the hour that flies,
And in ſaft raptures waſte the day
Amang the birks of Invermay.

For ſoon the winter of the year,
And age, life's winter, will appear;
At this thy lively bloom will fade,
As that will ſtrip the verdant ſhade;
Our taſte of pleaſure then is o'er,
The feather'd ſongſters pleaſe no more;
And when they droop and we decay,
Adieu the birks of Invermay.

The lav'rocks now and lintwhites ſing,
The rocks around wi' echoes ring,
The mavis and the blackbird vie
In tunefu' ſtrains to glad the day;
The woods now wear their ſummer-ſuits,
To mirth a' nature now invites;
Let us be blythſome then, and gay,
Amang the birks of Invermay.

Behold, the hills and vales around
With lowing herds and flocks abound;

The wanton kids and friſking lambs
Gambol and dance about their dams;
The buſy bee with humming noiſe,
And a' the reptile kind rejoice;
Let us like them, then ſing and play,
About the birks of Invermay.

Hark, how the waters, as they fa',
Loudly my love to gladneſs ca';
The wanton waves ſport in the beams,
And fiſhes play throughout the ſtreams;
The circling ſun does now advance,
And all the planets round him dance;
Let us as jovial be as they
Amang the birks of Invermay.

---

*Down the Burn, Davie.*

When trees did bud, and fields were green,
and broom bloom'd fair to ſee;
When Mary was complete fifteen,
And love laugh'd in her ee':
Blyth Davie's blinks her heart did move
To ſpeak her mind thus free,
"Gang down the burn, Davie, love,
"And I will follow thee."

Now Davie did each lad ſurpaſs
That dwelt on this burn-ſide,

And Mary was the bonnieſt laſs,
Juſt meet to be a bride;
Her cheeks were roſie, red, and white,
Her een were bonny blue:
Her looks were like Aurora bright,
Her lips like dropping dew.

As down the burn they took their way,
What tender tales they ſaid!
His cheek to her's he aft did lay,
And with her boſom play'd;
Till baith at length impatient grown,
To be mair fully bleſt,
In yonder vale they lean'd them down;
Love only ſaw the reſt.

"What paſs'd, I gueſs, was harmleſs play,
"And naething ſure unmeet;
"For ganging hame I heard them ſay,
"They lik'd a wa'k ſae ſweet:
"And that they aften ſhou'd return
"Sik pleaſure to renew;
"Quoth Mary, Love, I like the burn,
"And ay ſhall follow you."

---

*Ettrick Banks.*

On Ettrick banks, in a Summer's night,
At gloming when the ſheep drave hame,
I met my laſſie braw and tight,
Come wading barefoot a' her lane:

My heart grew light, I ran, I flang
My arms about her lily neck,
And kiſs'd and clapt her there ſou lang,
My words they were na mony feck.

I ſaid, my laſſie, will ye go
To the Highland hills, the Erſe to learn!
I'll baith gi' thee a cow and ewe,
When we come to the brig of Earn.
At Leith auld meal comes in, ne'er faſh,
An' herrings at the Broomy Law;
Cheer up your heart, my bonny laſs,
There's gear to win we never ſaw.

All day when we have wrought enough,
When winter froſts, and ſnaw begin;
Soon as the ſun gaes waſt the loch,
At night when ye ſit down to ſpin,
I'll ſcrew my pipes, and play a ſpring;
And thus the weary night we'll end,
Till the tender kid and lamb-time bring
Our pleaſant Summer back again.

Syne when the trees are in their bloom,
And gowans glent o'er ilka field,
I'll meet my laſs amang the broom,
And lead you to my Summer ſhield.
Then far frae a' their ſcorntu din,
That mak the kindly heart their ſport,
We'll laugh, and kiſs, and dance, and ſing,
And gar the langeſt day ſeem ſhort.

## *The unhappy Maid.*

FAREWELL ye green fields and ſweet groves,
Where Strephon engag'd my poor heart:
Where nightingales warble their throats,
And nature is dreſs'd without art;
No pleaſure they now can afford,
Nor muſic can lull me to reſt;
For Strephon proves falſe to his word,
And Phillis can never be bleſt.

Oft times, by the ſide of a ſpring,
Where roſes and lilies appear,
Gay Strephen of Phillis would ſing,
For Phillis was all he held dear;
So ſoon as he found by my eyes
The paſſion that glow'd in my breaſt,
He then to my grief and ſurpriſe,
Prov'd all he had ſaid was a jeſt.

Too ſoon, to my ſorrow I find
The beauties alone that will laſt
Are thoſe that are fix'd in the mind,
Which envy, nor time, cannot blaſt:
Beware then, ye fair, how ye truſt
The fool who to love makes pretence;
For Strephon to me had been juſt,
If nature had bleſt him with ſenſe.

## *Nancy and the Miller.*

One midſummer morning, when nature look'd gay,
The birds full of ſong, and the flocks full of play;
When earth ſeem'd to anſwer the ſmiles from a-
bove,
And all things proclaim'd it a ſeaſon of love;
My mother cry'd, Nancy, come, haſte to the mill,
If the corn be not ground you may ſcold if you will.

The freedom to uſe my tongue pleas'd me no
doubt;
A woman, Alas! would be nothing without;
I went towards the mill without any delay,
And conn'd o'er the words I determin'd to ſay,
But when I came near it, I found it ſtock ſtill,
Bleſs my ſtars now! cry'd I, huff him rarely I will.

The miller to market that inſtant was gone,
The work it was left to the care of his ſon:
Now tho' I can ſcold as well as any one can,
I thought 'twould be wrong to ſcold the young
man:
I ſaid, I'm ſurpris'd you can uſe me ſo ill,
I muſt have my corn ground, I muſt and I will.

Sweet maid, cry'd the youth, the fault is not mine,
No corn in the town I'd grind ſooner than thine;
There's none more ready in pleaſing the fair,
The mill ſhall go merrily round I declare.

But hark how the birds ſing, and ſee how they bill,
I muſt have a kiſs firſt, I muſt and I will.

My corn being done, I towards home bent my way,
He whiſper'd he'd ſomething of moment to ſay,
Inſiſted to hand me along the green mead,
And there ſwore he lov'd me indeed, and indeed!
And that he'd be conſtant and true to me ſtill,
And ſince that time I've lik'd him, and like him I will.

I often ſay, Mother, the miller I'll huff.
She laughs and cries, Go, girl, ay, plague him enough;
And ſcarce a day paſſes, but by her deſire,
I get a ſly kiſs from the youth I admire.
If wedlock he wiſhes, his wiſh I'l fulfil,
And I'll anſwer, O yes, with a hearty good will.

---

*Kate of Aberdeen.*

The ſilver moon's enamour'd beam
Steals ſoftly through the night,
To wanton with the winding ſtream,
And kiſs reflecting light;

To courts be gone, heart-ſoothing ſleep,
Where you've ſo ſeldom been,
While I May's wakeful vigils keep
With *Kate of Aberdeen.*

The nymphs and ſwains expectant wait,
In primroſe chaplets gay,
Till morn unbars her golden gate,
And gives the promis'd May;
The nymphs and ſwains ſhall all declare
The promis'd May, when ſeen,
Not half ſo fragrant, half ſo fair,
As *Kate of Aberdeen.*

I'll tune my pipe to playful notes,
And rouſe yon nodding grove,
Till new-wak'd birds diſtend their throats,
And hail the maid I love:
At her approach the lark miſtakes,
And quits the new dreſs'd green:
Fond birds, 'tis not the morning breaks,
'Tis *Kate of Aberdeen.*

Now blythſome o'er the dewy mead,
Where elves diſportive play,
The feſtal dance young ſhepherds lead,
Or ſing their love-tun'd lay.
Till May in morning-robe draws nigh,
And claims a virgin queen;
The nymphs and ſwains exulting cry,
"Here's *Kate of Aberdeen.*"

## *Through the Wood, Laddie.*

O Sandy! Why leav'ſt thou thy Nelly to mourn!
Thy preſence could eaſe me,
When nothing can pleaſe me;
Now dowie I ſigh on the banks of the burn,
Or thro' the wood, laddie, until thou return.

Tho' woods now are bonny, and mornings are clear,
While lav'rocks are ſinging,
And primroſes ſpringing,
Yet nane of them pleaſes mine eye or mine ear,
When thro' the wood, laddie, ye dinna appear.

That I am forſaken ſome ſpare not to tell,
I'm faſh'd with their ſcorning,
Baith ev'ning and morning,
Their jeering gaes aft to my heart wi' a knell,
When thro' the wood, laddie, I wander myſell.

Then ſtay, my dear Sandy, no longer away,
But quick as an arrow,
Haſte here to thy marrow,
Wha's living in langour till that happy day,
When thro' the wood, laddie, we'll dance, ſing, and play.

## *Broom of Cowdenknows.*

How blithe was I each morn to ſee
My ſwain come o'er the hill!
He leap'd the brook and flew to me;
I met him with good will.
Oh! the broom, the bonny broom,
Where loſt was my repoſe;
I wiſh I were with my dear ſwain,
With his pipe and my ewes.

I neither wanted ewe nor lamb,
When his flocks near me lay;
He gather'd in my ſheep at night,
And cheer'd me all the day.
Oh! the broom, &c.

He tun'd his pipe and reed ſo ſweet,
The birds ſtood liſt'ning by;
The fleecy flock ſtood ſtill and gaz'd,
Charm'd with his melody.
Oh! the broom, &c.

While thus we ſpent our time, by turns,
Betwixt our flocks and play,
I envy'd not the faireſt dame,
Tho' e'er ſo rich and gay.
Oh! the broom, &c.

He did oblige me every hour:
Cou'd I but faithful be?

He ſtole my heart, could I refuſe
Whate'er he aſk'd of me?
Oh! the broom, &c.

Hard fate! that I muſt baniſh'd be,
Gang heavily and mourn,
Becauſe I lov'd the kindeſt ſwain,
That ever yet was born.
Oh! the broom, &c.

---

*When War's Alarms.*

When wars alarms intic'd my Willy from me,
My poor heart with grief did ſigh,
Each fond remembrance brought freſh ſorrow on me,
'Woke e'er yet the morn was nigh.
No other could delight him;
Ah! why did I ere ſlight him!
Coldly anſw'ring his fond tale,
Which drove him far, amid the rage of war,
And left ſilly me thus to bewail.

But I no longer, tho' a maid forſaken,
Thus will mourn like yonder dove,
For ere the lark to-morrow ſhalt awaken,
I will ſeek my abſent love,
The hoſtile country over,
I'll fly to ſeek my lover,

Scorning ev'ry threat'ning fear,
Nor diſtant ſhore, nor cannons roar,
Shall longer keep me from my dear.

---

*Amynta.*

My ſheep I neglected, I loſt my ſheep-hook,
And all the gay haunts of my youth I forſook;
Nae mair for Amynta freſh garlands I wove,
For ambition I ſaid, would ſoon cure me of love.
O what had my youth with ambition to do?
Why left I Amynta? why broke I my vow?
O gi' me my ſheep, and my ſheep-hook reſtore,
I'll wander frae love and Amynta no more.

Thro' regions remote in vain do I rove,
And bid the wide ocean ſecure me from love!
O fool to imagine that ought can ſubdue
A love ſo well-founded, a paſſion ſo true.
O what had my youth, &c.

Alas! 'tis o'er late at thy fate to repine;
Poor ſhepherd, Amynta nae mair can be thine:
Thy tears are a' fruitleſs, thy wiſhes are vain,
The moments neglected return nae again.

O what had my youth with ambition to do?
Why left I Amynta? why broke I my vow?
O gi' me my ſheep, and my ſheep-hook reſtore,
I'll wander frae love and Amynta no more.

## *Braes of Ballenden.*

BENEATH a green ſhade, a lovely young ſwain
One ev'ning reclin'd, to diſcover his pain;
So ſad yet ſo ſweetly he warbled his woe,
The wind ceas'd to breathe, and the fountains to flow;
Rude winds, wi' compaſſion, cou'd hear him complain,
Yet Chloe, leſs gentle, was deaf to his ſtrain.

How happy, he cry'd, my moments once flew,
E'er Chloe's bright charms firſt flaſh'd in myview;
Thoſe eyes then, wi' pleaſure, the dawn could ſurvey,
Nor ſmil'd the fair morning, mair chearfu' than they;
Now ſcenes of diſtreſs pleaſe only my ſight,
I'm tortur'd in pleaſure, and languiſh in light.

Thro' changes, in vain, relief I purſue,
All, all but conſpire my griefs to renew;
From ſunſhine to zephyrs and ſhades we repair,
To ſunſhine we fly from too piercing an air:
But love's ardent fever burns always the ſame;
No winter can cool it, no ſummer inflame.

But ſee the pale moon, all clouded, retires,
The breezes grow cool, not Strephon's deſires:

I fly from the dangers of tempeſt and wind,
Yet nouriſh the madneſs that preys on my mind;
Ah, wretch! how can life be worthy thy care?
To lengthen its moments but lengthens deſpair.

---

## *Highland Queen.*

No more my ſong ſhall be, ye ſwains,
Of purling ſtreams, or flow'ry plains;
More pleaſing beauties me inſpire,
And Phœbus tunes the warbling lyre;
Divinely aided, thus I mean
To celebrate my Highland Queen.

In her ſweet innocence you'll find,
With freedom, truth, and beauty join'd;
From pride and affectation free,
Alike ſhe ſmiles on you and me.
The brighteſt nymph that trips the green,
I do pronounce my Highland Queen.

No ſordid wiſh, or trifling joy,
Her ſettled calm of mind deſtroy;
Strict honour fills her ſpotleſs ſoul,
And adds a luſtre to the whole;
A matchleſs ſhape, a graceful mein,
All centre in my Higland Queen.

How bleſt that youth, whom gentle fate
Has deſtin'd for ſo fair a mate!
Has all theſe wond'rous gifts in ſtore,
And each returning day brings more;
No youth ſo happy can be ſeen,
Poſſeſſing thee, my Highland Queen.

## *The echoing Horn.*

THE echoing horn calls the ſportſmen abroad,
To horſe, my brave boys, and away;
The morning is up, and the cry of the hounds
Upbraids our too tedious delay.
What pleaſure we find in purſuing the fox!
O'er hill and o'er valley he flies:
Then follow, we'll ſoon overtake him, huzza!
The traitor is ſeiz'd on and dies.

Triumphant returning at night with the ſpoil,
Like Bacchanals ſhouting and gay,
How ſweet with our bottle and laſs to refreſh,
And loſe the fatigues of the day!
With ſport, love, and wine, fickle fortune defy,
Dull wiſdom all happineſs ſours;
Since life is no more than a paſſage at beſt,
Let's ſtrew the way over with flow'rs.

## *Laſt Valentine's Day.*

LAST Valentine's day, when bright Phœbus ſhone clear,
I had not been a hunting for more than a year,
Taleo, taleo, &c.
I mounted black Sloven, o'er the road made him bound,
And I heard the hounds challenge, and horns ſweetly ſound.
Taleo, taleo, &c.

Hallo, into covert, old Anthony cries;
No ſooner he ſpoke, but the fox, Sir, he 'ſpies,
Taleo, &c.
This being the ſignal, he then crack'd his whip,
Taleo was the word, and away he did leap.
Taleo, &c.

Then up rides Dick Dawſon, who car'd not a pin,
He ſprung at the drain, but his horſe tumbl'd in,
Taleo, &c.
And as he crept out, why, he ſpy'd the old ren,
With his tongue hanging out, ſtealing home to his den.
Taleo, &c.

Our hounds and our horſes were always as good
As ever broke covert, or daſh'd thro' the wood,
Taleo, &c.

Old Reynard runs hard, but muſt certainly die,
Have at you, old Tony, Dick Dawſon did cry.
Taleo, &c.

The hounds they had run twenty miles now or more,
Old Anthony fretted, he curs'd too and ſwore,
Taleo, &c.
But Reynard being ſpent, ſoon muſt give up the ghoſt,
Which will heighten our joys when we come to each toaſt.
Taleo, &c.

The day's ſport being over, the horns we will ſound,
To the jolly fox-hunters let echo reſound,
Taleo, &c.
So fill up your glaſſes, and cheerfully drink
To the honeſt true ſportſman who never will ſhrink.
Taleo, &c,

---

*Since Love is the Plan.*

Since love is the plan,
I'll love if I can—
Attend, and I'll tell you what ſort of a man:
In addreſs how complete,
And in dreſs ſpruce and neat,
No matter how tall, ſo he's over five feet;

Not dull, nor too witty,
His eyes I'll think pretty,
If ſparkling with pleaſure whenever we meet.

In a ſong bear a bob,
In a glaſs a hab-nob,
Yet drink of his reaſon his noddle ne'er rob;
Tho, gentle he be,
His man he ſhall ſee,
Yet never be conquer'd by any but me.
This, this is my fancy;
If ſuch a man I can ſee,
I'm his, if he's mine; until then, I'll be free.

---

## *Tho' Leixlip is proud, &c.*

Tho' Leixlip is proud of its cloſe ſhady bowers,
Its clear falling waters and murmuring caſcades,
Its groves of fine myrtles, its beds of ſweet flowers,
Its lads ſo well dreſs'd, and its neat pretty maids;
As each his own village muſt ſtill make the moſt of,
In praiſe of dear Carton, I hope I'm not wrong:
Dear Carton! containing what kingdoms may boaſt of!
'Tis Norah, dear Norah! the theme of my ſong.

Be gentlemen fine, with their ſpurs and nice boots on,
Their horſes to ſtart on the Curragh of Kildare;
Or dance at a ball with their Sunday's new ſuits on,
Lac'd waiſtcoaſt, white gloves, and their nice powder'd hair:
Poor Pat, while ſo bleſt in his mean humble ſtation,
For gold and for acres he never ſhall long;
One ſweet ſmile can give him the wealth of a nation,
From Norah, dear Norah! the theme of my ſong.

---

*Auld Robin Gray.*

When the ſheep are in the fauld, and the ky at hame,
And a' the warld to ſleep were gane,
The waes of my heart fa's in ſhowers frae my e'e,
When my guidman lies ſound by me.

Young Jamie loo'd me well, and he ſought me for his bride,
But ſaving a crown, he had naething beſide:
To make that crown a pound my Jamie went to ſea,
And the crown and the pound were baith for me.

He hadna been awa' a week but only twa,
When my mither ſhe fell ill, and the cow was ſtow'n awa';
My father brake his arm, and my Jamie went to ſea,
And auld Robin Gray came a courting to me.

My father cou'da' work, and my mither cou'dna' ſpin,
I toil'd day and night, but their bread I cou'dna' win;
Auld Robin maintain'd them baith, and, wi' tears in his ee',
Said Jenny for their ſakes, O marry me.

My heart it ſaid nay, I look'd for Jamie back,
But the wind it blew high, and the ſhip it was a wreck,
The ſhip it was a wreck, why didna Jenny die?
And why do I live to cry Waes me!

Auld Robin argu'd fair; tho' my mither didna' ſpeak,
She look'd in my face till my heart was like to break:
So they gied him my hand, tho' my heart was in the ſea,
And auld Robin Gray is a guidman to me.

I hadna' been a wife a week but only four,
When, ſitting ſae mournfully at the door,

I ſaw my Jamie's wreath, but I didna' think it
he,
Till he ſaid, I'm come back for to marry thee.

O ſair did we greet, and muckle did we ſay,
We took each but ae kiſs, and we tore ourſelves
away.
I wiſh I were dead, but I'm not like to die,
And why do I live to ſay Waes me?

I gang like a gaiſt, and I carena' to ſpin,
I darena' think on Jamie, for that would be a ſin:
But I'll do my beſt a good wife to be,
For auld Robin Gray is kind to me.

---

*The Death of auld Robin Gray, and Jamie's Return.*

THE Summer it was ſmiling, all nature round
was gay,
When Jenny was attending on auld Robin
Gray;
For he was ſick at heart, and had nae friend be-
ſide,
But only me, poor Jenny, who newly was his
bride.

Ah! Jenny, I ſhall die, he cry'd, as ſure as I had
birth;
Then ſee my poor old banes, I pray, laid into the
earth;

And be a widow for my ſake a twelvemonth and
a day,
And I'll leave you whate'er belongs to auld Ro-
bin Gray.

I laid poor Robin in the earth as decent as I cou'd,
And ſhed a tear upon his grave, for he was very
good;
I took my rock into my hand, and in my cot I
ſigh'd,
Oh, wae's me, what ſhall I do, ſince poor auld
Robin died.

Search ev'ry partthroughout the land, there's nane
like me forlorn,
I'm ready e'en to ban the day that ever I was
born;
For Jamie, all I lov'd on earth, Ah! he is gone
away,
My father's dead, my mother's dead, and eke auld
Robin Gray.

I roſe up with the morning ſun, and ſpun till ſet-
ting day,
And one whole year of widowhood I mourn'd
for Robin Gray:
I did the duty of a wife, both kind and conſtant
too;
Let ev'ry one example take, and Jenny's plan
purſue.

I thought that Jamie he was dead, or he to me was loſt,
And all my fond and youthful love entirely it was croſt:
I try'd to ſing, I try'd to laugh, and paſs the time away,
For I had ne'er a friend alive ſince dy'd auld Robin Gray.

At length the merry bells rung round, I cou'dna' gueſs the cauſe;
But Rodney was the man they ſaid, that gain'd ſo much applauſe:
I doubted if the tale was true, till Jamie came to me,
And ſhow'd a purſe of golden ore, and ſaid, It is for thee;

Auld Robin Gray, I find is dead, and ſtill your heart is true,
Then, take me, Jenny, to your arms, and I will be ſo too.
Meſs John ſhall join us at the kirk, and we'll be blithe and gay;
I bluſh'd, conſented, and reply'd, Adieu to Robin Gray.

## *The Miller's Wedding.*

Leave, neighbours, your work, and to ſport and to play;
Let the tabor ſtrike up, and the village be gay,
Let the tabor, &c.

No day thro' the year ſhall more cheerful be ſeen,
For Ralph of the mill marries Sue of the green,
For Ralph, &c.
I love Sue, aud Sue love loves me,
And while the wind blows,
And while the mill goes,
Who'll be ſo happy, ſo happy as we?

Let lords and fine folks, who for wealth take a bride,
Be married to-day, and to-morrow be cloy'd;
My body is ſtout, and my heart is as ſound,
And my love, like my courage, will never give ground.
I love Sue, &c.

Let ladies of faſhion the beſt jointures wed,
And prudently take the beſt bidders to bed;
Such ſigning and ſealing's no part of our bliſs,
We ſettle our hearts, and we ſeal with a kiſs.
I love Sue, &c.

Though Ralph is not courtly, nor one of our beaus,
Nor bounces, nor flutters, nor wears your fine clothes,
In nothing he'll follow from folks of high life,
Nor ne'er turn his back on his friend or his wife.
I love Sue, &c.

While thus I am able to work at my mill,
While thus thou art kind, and my tongue but lies ſtill,
Our joys ſhall continue, and ever be new,
And none be ſo happy as Ralph and his Sue.
I love Sue, &c.

---

*The happy Pair.*

How bleſt has my time been? what joys have I known,
Since wedlock's ſoft bondage made Jeſſy my own?
So joyful my heart is, ſo eaſy my chain,
That freedom is taſteleſs, and roving a pain.
That freedom is taſteleſs, &c.

Thro' walks grown with woodbines as often we ſtray,
Around us our boys and girls frolic and play:
How pleaſing their ſport is! the wanton ones ſee,
And borrow their looks from my Jeſſy and me.

To try her ſweet temper, oft-times am I ſeen
In revels all day with the nymphs on the green;
Tho' painful my abſence, my doubts ſhe beguiles,
And meets me at night with complacence and ſmiles.

What tho' on her cheek the roſe loſes its hue,
Her wit and good-humour blooms all the year through:
Time ſtill as he flies adds increaſe to her truth,
And gives to her mind what he ſteals from her youth.
Ye ſhepherds ſo gay, who make love to enſnare,
And cheat, with falſe vows, the too credulous fair;
In ſearch of true pleaſure, how vainly you roam,
To hold it for life, you muſt find it at home.

---

## *The Linnets.*

As bringing home the other day
Two linnets I had tae'n,
The pretty warblers ſeem'd to pray
For liberty again.
Unheedful of their plaintive notes,
I ſang acroſs the mead;
In vain they tun'd their downy throats,
And flutter'd to be freed.

As paſſing through the tufted grove
Near which my cottage ſtood,

I thought I ſaw the queen of love
When Chlora's charms I view'd.
I gaz'd, I lov'd, I preſs'd her ſtay
To hear my tender tale;
But all in vain, ſhe fled away,
Nor could my ſighs prevail.

Soon thro' the wound which love had made,
Came pity to my breaſt;
And thus I as compaſſion bade,
The feather'd pair addreſs'd:
"Ye little warblers, cheerful be,
"Remember not ye flew:
"For I who thought myſelf ſo free,
"Am far more caught than you."

## *The Wiſh.*

When the trees are all bare, not a leaf to be ſeen,
And the meadows their beauty have loſt;
When nature's diſrob'd of her mantle of green,
And the ſtreams are faſt bound with the froſt:
While the peaſant inactive ſtands ſhiv'riug with cold,
As bleak the winds northerly blow:
When the innocent flocks run for eaſe to the fold:
With their fleeces all cover'd with ſnow:

In the yard while the cattle are fodder'd with ſtraw,
And ſend forth their breath like a ſtream!

And the neat-looking dairy-maid ſees ſhe muſt thaw
Fleaks of ice which ſhe finds in her cream:
When the ſweet country maiden, as freſh as the roſe,
As ſhe careleſsly trips, often ſlides,
And the ruſtics loud laugh, if by falling ſhe ſhows
All the charms that her modeſty hides:

When the birds to the barn-door hover for food,
As with ſilence they reſt on the ſpray;
And the poor tired hare in vain ſeeks the wood,
Leſt her footſteps her cauſe ſhould betray;
When the lads and the laſſes, in company join'd,
In a crowd round the embers are met,
Talk of fairies and witches that ride in the wind,
And of ghoſts, till they're all in a ſweat:

Heav'n grant in this ſeaſon it may be my lot,
With the nymph whom I love and admire,
Whilſt the icicles hang from the eves of my cot,
I may thither in ſafety retire.
Where in neatneſs and quiet, and free from ſurpriſe,
We may live and no hardſhips endure,
Nor feel any turbulent paſſions ariſe,
But ſuch as each other may cure.

## *Bide ye yet.*

GIN I had a wee houſe, and a canty wee fire,
A bonny wee wifie to praiſe and admire,
A bonny wee yardy aſide a wee burn,
Farewell to the bodies that yammer and mourn.

And bide ye yet, and bide ye yet,
Ye little ken what may betide ye yet,
Some bonny wee body may be my lot,
And I'll ay be canty wi' thinking o't.

When I gang a-field, and come hame at e'en,
I'll get my wee wifie fou neat and fou clean;
And a bonny wee bairnie upon her knee,
That will cry pappa or daddy to me.
And bide ye yet, &c.

And if there ſhould happen ever to be
A diff'rence a'tween my wee wifie and me,
In hearty good humour altho' ſhe be teaz'd,
I'll kiſs her and clap her until ſhe be pleas'd.

And bide ye yet, and bide ye yet,
Ye little ken what will betide ye yet,
Some bonny wee body may be my lot,
And I'll ay be canty wi' thinking o't.

## *My Heart's my ain.*

'Tis nae very lang ſinſyne
That I had a lad o' my ain,
But now he's awa' to anither,
And left me a' my lane.
The laſs he's courting has ſiller,
And I hae nane at a';
And its nought but the love of the tocher
That's ta'en my lad awa'.

But I'm blyth that my heart's my ain,
And I'll keep it a' my life,
Until that I meet wi' a lad
Who has ſenſe to wale a good wife.
For tho' I ſay't myſelf,
That ſhould na ſay't, 'tis true,
The lad that gets me for a wife
He'll ne'er hae occaſion to rue.

I gang fou clean and fou toſh,
As a' the neighbours can tell,
Tho' I've ſeldom a gown on my back,
But ſic as I ſpin myſel'.
And when I am clad in my curtſy,
I think myſel' as bra'
As Suſie, wi' a' her pearling,
That's ta'en my lad away.

But I wiſh they were buckl'd together,
And may they live for life;

Tho' Willie does ſlight me, and's left me,
The chield he deſerves a good wife.
But, O! I'm blithe that I've miſs'd him,
As blithe as I weel can be;
For ane that's ſae keen o' the ſiller
will ne'er agree wi' me.

But, as the truth is, I'm hearty,
I hate to be ſcrimpit and ſcant:
The wee thing I hae I'll make uſe o't,
And nae ane about me ſhall want.
For I'm a gude guide o' the warld,
I ken when to had and to gie;
For whinging and cringing for ſiller
Will ne'er agree wi' me.

Contentment is better than riches,
An' he wha has that has enough:
The maſter is ſeldom ſo happy
As Robin that drives the plough.
But if a young lad would caſt up,
To make me his partner for life,
If the chield has the ſenſe to be happy,
He'll fa' on his feet for a wife.

---

*He's ſtole my tender Heart away.*

The fields were green, the hills were gay,
And birds were ſinging on each ſpray,

When Colin met me in the grove,
And told me tender tales of love,
Was ever ſwain ſo blythe as he,
So kind, ſo faithful, and ſo free!
In ſpite of all my friends could ſay,
Young Colin ſtole my heart away!
In ſpite of all, &c.

Whene'er he trips the meads along,
He ſweetly joins the woodlark's ſong;
And when he dances on the green,
There's none ſo blythe as Colin ſeen:
If he's but by, I nothing fear,
For I alone am all his care;
Then, in ſpite of all my friends can ſay,
He's ſtole my tender heart away.

My mother chides whene'er I roam,
And ſeems ſurpris'd I quit my home;
But ſhe'd not wonder that I rove,
Did ſhe but feel how much I love:
Full well I know the gen'rous ſwain
Will never give my boſom pain;
Then in ſpite of all my friends can ſay,
He's ſtole my tender heart away.

---

*But what is that to you?*

My Jeany and I had toil'd
The live-lang ſummer's day,
Till we were almoſt ſpoil'd
At making of the hay.

Her kerchy was of holland clear,
Ty'd on her bonny brow;
I whiſper'd ſomething in her ear,—
But what is that to you!
But what is that, &c.

Her ſtockings were of kerſy green,
As tight as ony ſilk:
Oh! ſic a leg was never ſeen!
Her ſkin was white as milk!
Her hair was black as ane could wiſh,
And ſweet, ſweet was her mou'!
Oh! Jeany daintily can kiſs!—
But what is that to you?

The roſe and lily baith combine
To make my Jeany fair;
There is nae benniſon like mine,
I have amaiſt nae care:
But when another ſwain, my dear,
Shall ſay you're fair to view,
Let Jeany whiſper in his ear,
Pray what is that to you?

Conceal thy beauties if you can,
Hide that ſweet face of thine,
That I may only be the man
Enjoys theſe looks divine.
O do not proſtitute, my dear,
Wonders to common view,

And I with faithful heart ſhall ſwear
For ever to be true.

King Solomon had wives enew,
And mony a cuncubine;
But I enjoy a bliſs mair true;
His joys were ſhort of mine:
And Jeany's happier than they,
She ſeldom wants her due:
All debts of love to her I'll pay,
And what is that to you?

---

*Social Power.*

Come, now, all ye ſocial powers,
Shed your infl'ence o'er us;
Crown with joy the preſent hours,
Enliven thoſe before us:

Bring the flaſk, the muſic bring,
Joy ſhall quickly find us;
Sport, and dance, and laugh and ſing,
And caſt dull care behind us.

Love, thy godhead I adore,
Source of gen'rous paſſion:
Nor will we ever bow before
Thoſe idols, Wealth or Faſhion.
Bring the flaſk, &c.

Why the plague ſhould we be ſad,
  Whilſt on earth we moulder;
Rich, or poor, or grave, or mad,
  We ev'ry day grow older.
Bring the flaſk, &c.

Friendſhip! O thy ſmiles divine,
  Bright in ev'ry feature;
What but friendſhip, love, and wine,
  Can make us happy creatures.
Bring the flaſk, &c.

Since the time will ſteal away,
  Spite of all our ſorrow,
Let's be blithe and gay to-day,
  And never mind to-morrow.

Bring the flaſk, the muſic bring,
  Joy ſhall quickly find us;
Sport, and dance, and laugh, and ſing,
  And caſt dull care behind us.

---

*The Mind of a Woman can never be known.*

The mind of a woman can never be known,
  You never can gueſs it aright:
I'll tell you the reaſon, ſhe knows not her own,
  She changes ſo often ere night.

'Twould puzzle Apollo her whimſies to follow,
His oracle would be a jeſt;
She'll frown when ſhe's kind,
She'll change with the wind;
And often abuſes the man that ſhe chuſes,
And him ſhe refuſes likes beſt.

To keep them in temper, I'll tell you the way,
I'd have you give ear to my plan;
Be merry and cheerful, good-humour'd, and gay,
And kiſs them as oft as you can:
For while you do theſe, you the ladies will pleaſe,
Their affections you're ſure for to gain;
Then be of their mind,
And quickly you'll find,
'Tis better than wrangling, contending, and jangling,
For they'll love you, and kiſs you again.

---

*When the Men a courting came.*

When the men a courting came,
Flatt'ring with their prittle prattle,
Of their fool'ries I made a game,
Rallied with my tittle tattle.

Cooing to me, wooing to me,
Teazing of me, pleaſing of me,
Off'ring pelf, each ſilly elf
Came cooing, wooing, and bowing to me.

The divine, with looks demure,
Talk'd of tythes and eating plenty;
Show'd the profits of his cure,
And vow'd to treat me with each dainty.
Cooing to me, &c.

The learned ſerjeant of the law
Show'd his parchments, briefs, and papers,
In his deeds I found a flaw,
So diſmiſs'd him in the vapours.
Cooing to me, &c.

Phyſic now diſplay'd his wealth,
With his noſtrums; but the fact is,
I reſolv'd to keep my health,
Nor die a martyr to his practice.
Cooing to me, &c.

But at laſt a ſwain bow'd low,
Candid, handſome, tall, and clever,
Squeez'd my hand—I can't tell how,
But he won my heart for ever.

Cooing to me, wooing to me,
Teazing of me, pleaſing of me,
Off'ring pelf, each ſilly elf,
I ſent all other wooers from me.

## *My ain kind Deary O.*

Will ye gang o'er the lee-rig,
My ain kind deary O!
And cuddle there ſo kindly
Wi' me, my kind deary O!

At thornie dike, and birken tree,
We'll daff and ne'er be weary O;
They'll ſcug ill een frae you and me,
Mine ain kind deary O!

Nae herds wi' kent or colly there,
Shall ever come to fear ye O;
But lav'rocks whiſtling in the air,
Shall woo like me their deary O!

While others herd their lambs and ewes,
And toil for warld's gear my jo,
Upon the lee my pleaſure grows,
Wi' you my kind deary O!

---

## *One Bottle more.*

Assist me, ye lads, who have hearts void of guile
To ſing in the praiſe of old Ireland's iſle,
Where true hoſpitality opens the door,
And friendſhip detains us for one bottle more.
One bottle more, arra', one bottle more,
And friendſhip detains us for one bottle more.

Old England, your taunts on our country forbear;
With our bulls, and our brogues, we are true and
ſincere,
For if but one bottle remain'd in our ſtore,
We have gen'rous hearts to give that bottle more.

In Candy's in Church-ſtreet I'll ſing of a ſet
Of ſix Iriſh blades who together had met;
Four bottles a-piece made us call for our ſcore,
And nothing remained but one bottle more.
Our bill being paid we were loth to depart,
For friendſhip had grappl'd each man by the heart;
Where the leaſt touch you know makes an Iriſh-
man roar, [more.
And the whack from Shilela brought ſix bottles

Slow Phœbus had ſhone thro' our windows ſo bright,
Quite happy to view his bleſt children of light;
So we parted with hearts neither ſorry nor ſore,
Reſolving next night to drink *twelve* bottles more.

## *The Mulberry Tree.*

Behold this fair goblet was carv'd from the tree,
Which, O my ſweet Shakeſpeare, was planted by
thee;
As a relic I kiſs it, and bow at thy ſhrine,
What comes from thy hand muſt be ever divine.
All ſhall yield to the mulberry tree,
Bend to the,
Bleſs'd mulberry;

Matchleſs was he
That planted thee,
And thou like him, immortal ſhall be.

Ye trees of the foreſt, ſo rampant and high,
Who ſpread round your branches, whoſe heads ſweep the ſky;
Ye curious exotics, whom taſte has brought here,
To root out the natives at prices ſo dear:
All ſhall yield, &c.

The Oak is held royal, is Britain's great boaſt,
Preſerv'd once your king, and will always our coaſt,
Of the fir we make ſhips; there are thouſands that fight,
But one, only one, like our Shakeſpeare can write.
All ſhall yield, &c.

Let Venus delight in her gay myrtle bowers,
Pomana in fruit-trees, and Flora in flowers;
The garden of Shakeſpeare all fancies will ſuit,
With the ſweeteſt of flowers, and the faireſt of fruit.
All ſhall yield, &c.

With learning and knowledge the well-letter'd birch
Supplies law and phyſic, and graces the church,
But law and the goſpel in Shakeſpeare we find,
He gives the beſt phyſic for body and mind.
All ſhall yield, &c.

The fame of the patron gives fame to the tree;
From him and his merits this takes its degree;
Give Phœbus and Bacchus their laurel and vine,
The tree of our Shakeſpeare is ſtill more divine.
All ſhall yield, &c.

As the genius of Shakeſpeare outſhines the bright day,
More rapture than wine to the heart can convey,
So the tree which he planted, by making his own,
Has the laurel and bays, and the vine all in one.
All ſhall yield, &c.

Then each take a relic of this hollow tree,
From folly and faſhion a charm let it be;
Let's fill to the Planter the cup to the brim,
To honour your country do honour to him.
All ſhall yield to the mulberry tree;
Bend to thee,
Bleſs'd mulberry;
Matchleſs was he
That planted thee,
And thou, like him, immortal ſhall be.

---

*My Name is honeſt Harry, O.*

My name is honeſt Harry O,
Mary I will marry O;
In ſpite of Nell, or Iſabel,
I'll follow my own vagary O.

With my rigdum jigum airy O,
I love little Mary O,
In ſpite of Nell or Iſabel,
I'll follow my own vagary O.

Smart ſhe is and bonny O.
Sweet as ſugarcandy O,
Freſh and gay,
As flow'rs in may,
And I'm her Jack-a-dandy O.
With my, &c.

Soon to the church I'll have her O.
Where we'll wed together O;
And that, that done,
Then we'll have fun,
In ſpite of wind and weather O.

With my rigdum jigum airy O,
I love little Mary O;
In ſpite of Nell or Iſabel,
I'll follow my own vagary O.

---

*Follow the Hounds in full cry.*

The ſun from the eaſt tips the mountains with gold,
And the meadows all ſpangl'd with dew-drops behold;
The lark's early matins proclaims the new day,
And the horn's cheerful ſummons rebukes our delay,

With the ſports in the field their's no pleaſure can vie,
While jocund we follow, follow, follow, follow,
Follow, follow, follow, follow, follow, follow,
Follow, follow, follow the hounds in full cry.

Let the drudge of the town make riches his ſport,
And the ſlave of the ſtate hunt the ſmiles of the court;
Nor care nor ambition our pleaſures annoy,
But innocence ſtill gives a zeſt to our joy.
With the ſports of the field, &c.

Mankind are all hunters in various degree;
The prieſt hunts a living—the lawyer a fee;
The doctor a patient—the courtier a place,
Tho' often (like us) they're flung out with diſgrace.
With the ſports of the field, &c.

The cit hunts a plum—the ſoldier hunts fame:
The poet a dinner—the patriot a name;
And the artful coquette, tho' ſhe ſeems to refuſe,
Yet in ſpite of her airs, ſhe her lover purſues.
With the ſports of the field, &c.

Let the bold and buſy hunt glory and wealth,
All the bleſſings we aſk, is the bleſſing of health;
With hounds and with horns thro' the woodlands to roam,
And when tired abroad, find contentment at home.
With the ſports of the field, &c.

*Dear Tom, this brown Jug.*

DEAR Tom, this brown jug that now foams with mild ale,
Out of which I will drink to ſweet Kate of the vale,
Was once Toby Fillpot, a thirſty old ſoul,
As e'er drank a bottle, or fathom'd a bowl;
In boozing about 'twas his praiſe to excel,
And among jolly topers he bore off the bell.

It chanc'd, as in dog-days he ſat at his eaſe,
In his flow'r-woven arbour, as gay as you pleaſe,
With a friend and a pipe, puffing ſorrow away,
And with honeſt old ſtingo was ſoaking his clay;
His breath-doors of life on a ſudden were ſhut,
And he dy'd full as big as a Dorcheſter but.

His body, when long in the ground it had lain,
And time into clay had diſſolv'd it again,
A potter found out, in its covert ſo ſnug,
And with part of fat Toby he made this brown jug;
Now ſacred to friendſhip, to mirth, and mild ale;
So here's to my lovely ſweet Kate of the vale.

---

*Blow high, blow low,*

BLOW high, blow low, let tempeſts tear the main-maſt by the board,
My heart with thoughts of thee, my dear, and love well-ſtor'd,

Shall brave all danger, ſcorn all fear,
The roaring winds, the raging ſea;
In hopes on ſhore to be once more
Safe moor'd with thee.
Blow high, &c.

Aloft while mountains high we go,
The whiſt'ling wind that ſcuds along;
And the ſurge roaring from below,
Shall my ſignal be to think on thee,
And this ſhall be my ſong,
Blow high, &c.

And on that night when all the crew,
The memory of their former lives,
O'er flowing cans of flip renew,
And drink their ſweet-hearts and their wives;
I'll heave a ſigh and think on thee,
And as the ſhip rolls thro' the ſea,
The burthen of my ſong ſhall be,
Blow high, &c.

---

*Bright Phœbus.*

BRIGHT Phœbus has mounted the chariot of day,
And the horns and the hounds call each ſportſman away;
Thro' meadows and woods with ſpeed now they bound,
Whilſt health, roſy health, is in exerciſe found,

Hark away is the word to the ſound of the horn,
And echo, blithe echo, makes jovial the morn.

Each hill and each valley is lovely to view,
While puſs flies the covert and dogs quick purſue;
Behold where ſhe flies o'er the wide ſpreading plain,
While the loud opening pack purſue her amain.
Hark away, &c.

At length puſs is caught, and lies panting for breath,
And the ſhout of the huntſman's the ſignal of death,
No joys can delight like the ſports of the field,
To hunting all paſtime and pleaſure muſt yield.
Hark away, &c.

---

*A ſweet-ſcented Beau.*

A ſweet-ſcented beau, and a ſimp'ring young Cit,
An artful Attorney, a Rake, and a Wit,
Set out in a chaſe in purſuit of her heart,
Whilſt chloe diſdainfully laught at their art:
And rouz'd by the hounds to meet the ſweet morn,
Tantivy, ſhe follow'd the echoing horn.

Wit ſwore by his fancy, the Beau by his face,
The Lawyer with Quibble, ſet out on the chaſe;

The Cit with exactneſs, made out his account,
The Rake told his conqueſt, how vaſt the amount!
She laugh'd at their follies and blithe as the morn,
Tantivity, ſhe follow'd the echoing horn.

The clamorous noiſe rous'd a jolly young Swain,
Hark! forward, he cry'd, then bounc'd o'er the plain,
He diſtanc'd the Wit, the Cit, Quibble, and Beau,
And won the fair Nymph, hollow! hollow!
Now together they ſing a ſweet hymn to the morn,
Tantivy, they follow the echoing horn.

---

*Balinamone Ora.*

WHEREVER I'm going, and all the day long,
Abroad, or at home, or alone in a throng,
I find that my paſſion's ſo lively and ſtrong,
That your name, when I'm ſilent, runs ſtill in my ſong.
Sing Balinamone Ora, Balinamone Ora,
Balinamone Ora, a kiſs of your ſweet lips for me.

Since the firſt time I ſaw you I took no repoſe;
I ſleep all the day to forget half my woes:
So hot is the flame in my boſom which glows,
By St. Patrick, I fear it will burn thro' my clothes.
Sing Balinamone Ora, &c.
Your pretty black hair for me.

In my conſcience I fear I ſhall die in my grave,
Unleſs you comply, and poor Phelim will ſave,
And grant the petition your lover does crave,
Who never was free till you made him your ſlave.
Sing Balinamone Ora, &c.
Your pretty black eyes for me.

On that happy day, when I make you my bride,
With a ſwinging long ſword how I'll ſtrut and
I'll ſtride,
In a coach aud ſix horſes with honey I'll ride,
As before you I walk to the church by your ſide.
Sing Balinamone Ora, Balinamone Ora,
Your little white fiſt for me.

## *The Bonny Sailor.*

My bonny ſailor's won my mind!
My heart is now with him at ſea;
I hope the ſummer's weſtern breeze
Will bring him ſafely back to me!
I wiſh to hear what glorious toils;
What dangers he has undergone:
What forts he ſtorm'd, how great the ſpoils
From France and Spain my ſailor's won.

A thouſand terrors chill'd my breaſt,
When fancy brought the foe in view;
And day and night I've had no reſt,
Leſt ev'ry gale a tempeſt blew.

Bring, gentle gales, my ſailor home!
His ſhip at anchor may I ſee!
Three years are ſure enough to roam;
Too long for one that loves like me.

His face by ſultry climes is wan,
His eyes, by watching, ſhine leſs bright;
But ſtill I'll own my charming man,
And run to meet him when in ſight.
His honeſt heart is what I prize;
No weather can make that look old;
Tho' alter'd were his face and eyes,
I'll love my jolly ſailor bold.

---

*Life's Like a Sea, in Conſtant Motion.*

Life's like a ſea, in conſtant motion,
Sometimes high and ſometimes low;
Where every one muſt brave the ocean,
Whatſoever winds do blow.
Tho' at night by ſqualls or ſhowers,
Or driven by ſome gentle gales,
If dangers riſe be ever ready
To manage well the ſwelling ſails.

What, tho' the wayward winds would bluſter,
Let us not give way to fear;
But all our patience let us muſter,
And learn by reaſon how to ſteer:

Let judgment ever keep us ſteady,
For that's a balance ſeldom fails;
If dangers riſe, be ever ready
To manage well the ſwelling ſails.

Truſt not too much your own opinion,
When the veſſel's under way;
Let good example be your dominion,
That will ſeldom lead aſtray.
But ſhould thunder o'er you ſhudder,
Or Boreas o'er the ſurface rails,
Let good directions guide the rudder,
Whilſt providence conducts the ſails.

When you are ſafe from dangers riding,
In ſome favourite port or bay,
Hope be the anchor you confide in,
Care awhile in ſlumbers lay;
Next, each a can of liquor flowing,
And good fellowſhip prevails;
Let every heart with rapture glowing,
Drink, "Succeſs unto the Sails!"

---

## *The Honey Moon.*

Wou'd you know, my good friends, what the honey-moon is,
How long the duration, how perfect the bliſs,
A proof may be found, and a ſample be ſeen,
In ſome boarding-ſchool couple juſt left Gretna-green.

My deareſt, my duck,
My ſweeteſt, my chuck;
Miſs Kitty's an angel, her Billy's a god;
Whips crack, glaſſes jingle,
While ſighs intermingle,
And Cupid aſſents, and goes niddity nod,
Niddity nod, niddity nod,
O'er Kitty the angel, and Billy the god.

Papa's and mamma's ſurly tempers once paſt,
Bright Bloomſbury-ſquare has this couple at laſt:
In three week's poſſeſſion, how pleaſures will cloy,
Neglect hurts the lady, and time cools the boy.
So impatient to roam;—
Ma'am you're never at home,
A path ſo vexatious no wife ever trod;
My torment, my curſe;—
You are bad—You are worſe.
While Cupid flies off, from a quarrel ſo odd,
Niddity nod, niddity nod,
And Miſs is no angel, and Billy no god.

To routs hies the lady, to gambling goes maſter,
To part from each other, ne'er couple went faſter,
While raking at night, and diſtraction at noon.
Soon cloſe all the joys of the ſweet honey-moon.
Bleeding hearts, aching heads,
Sep'rate tables and beds,
Render wedlock's ſweet countenance dull as a clod;

Then hie for a ſummons
From grave Doctor Commons,
While proctors and parchments go niddity nod,
Niddity nod, niddity nod,
O'er Kitty the angel, and Billy the god.

---

*Hoot awa, ye Loon.*

When weary Sol gang'd down the weſt,
And ſilver Cynthia roſe;
The flow'r enamell'd banks I preſt,
Where chryſtal Eden flows.
Young Jockey ſat him by my ſide,
I kenn'd his meaning ſoon;
He aſk'd a kiſs, I ſcornful cry'd,
Ah! hoot awa, ye loon.

Dear Peggy gin ye flout a youth,
Or gi' that boſom pain,
Which pants wi' honour and wi' truth
To tak thee for its ain;
Then on his pipe he ſweetly play'd,
A maiſt delightful tune:
But na mair words to him I ſaid,
Than, "Hoot awa, ye loon.

He ſaid meſs John ſhou'd us unite,
If I to kirk wad gang;
My boſom beat wi' new delight,
Wi' him I went alang.

The bonny lad I found ſincere,
Not waining like the moon;
So dear I loo'd him, I na mair
Will "Hoot awa, ye loon."

---

## *I Travers'd Judah's barren Sand.*

I TRAVERS'D Judah's barren ſand,
At beauty's altar to adore;
But there the Turks had ſpoil'd the land,
And Sion's daughters were no more.
In Greece the bold imperious mein,
The wanton look, the leering eye,
Bade love's devotion not be ſeen
Where conſtancy is never nigh.

From thence to Italy's fair ſhore
I bent my never ceaſing way,
And to Loretta's temple bore
A mind devoted ſtill to pray.
But there, too, Superſtition's hand
Had ſicklied ev'ry feature o'er,
And made me ſoon regain the land,
Where beauty fills the weſtern ſhore.

Where Hymen with celeſtial pow'r
Connubial tranſport doth adorn;
Where pureſt virtue ſports the hour
That uſhers in each happy morn.
Ye daughters of old Albion's iſle,
Where'er I go, where'er I ſtray,

O charity's ſweet children ſmile
To cheer a pilgrim on his way.

---

### *The Green Sedgy Banks.*

On the green ſedgy banks of the ſweet winding Tay,
As blithe as the woodlark that carols in May,
I paſs'd the gay moments with joy and delight,
For peace cheer'd the morn, and content crown'd the night;
Till love taught young hope my youth to deceive—
What we wiſh to be true—love bids us believe.

Wherever I wander, thro' hill, dale or grove,
Young Sandy would follow with ſoft tales of love;
Enraptur'd he preſs'd me, then vow'd witha ſigh,
If Jenny was cruel—alas! he muſt die;
A youth ſo engaging, with eaſe might deceive—
What we wiſh to be true—love bids us believe.

He ſtole my fond heart, then he left me to mourn,
For peace and content, that ne'er can return;
From the clown to the beau the ſex are all art,
They complain of the wound, but we feel the ſmart:
We join in the fraud, and ourſelves we deceive—
What we wiſh to be true—love bids us believe.

*Duet.*

How ſweet in the woodlands, with fleet hound and horn
To waken ſhrill echo, and taſte the freſh morn;
But hard is the chaſe my fond heart muſt purſue,
For Daphne, fair Daphne, is loſt to my view:—
She's loſt!—Fair Daphne is loſt to my view.

Aſſiſt me, chaſte Dian, the nymph to regain,
More wild than the Roebuck, and wing'd with diſdain;
In pity o'ertake her, who wounds as ſhe flies—
Tho'Daphne's purſued—'tis Myrtillo that dies.—
That dies!—Tho' Daphne's purſu'd, 'tis Myrtillo that dies.

*Duet.*

TIME has not thinn'd my flowing hair,
Nor bent me with his iron hand:
Ah why ſo ſoon the bloſom tear,
Ere autumn yet the fruit demand.

Let me enjoy the cheerful day,
Till many a year has o'er me roll'd;
Pleas'd, let me trifle life away,
And ſing of love ere I grow old.

*Duet.*

Ah! what avails thy lover's prayer,
His incenſe clouds the ſky in vain;
Nor wealth, nor greatneſs was his care,
Thee, thee alone, he begg'd to gain.

With thee to waſte the pleaſing day,
When ev'ry hour in joy was paſt;
With love inſenſibly decay,
And on thy boſom breathe my laſt.

---

*Logan Braes.*

By Logan's ſtreams that runs ſae deep,
Fu' aft wi' gleé I've herded ſheep—
Herded ſheep, or gather'd ſlaes,
Wi' my dear lad on Logan braes.
But, waes my heart theſe days are gane,
And I wi' grief may herd alane,
While my dear lad maun face his faes,
Far, far frae me, or Logan braes.

Nae mair at Logan kirk will he,
Atween the preachings meet wi' me—
Meet wi' me, or when its mirk,
Convoy me hame frae Logan kirk;
Well may I ſing theſe days are gane,
Frae kirk or fair I come alane;
While my dear lad maun face his faes,
Far far frae me, or Logan braes.

## *Jockey is a bonny Lad.*

Now Jockey is a bonny lad, a merry lad, a cheery lad,
A bonny lad, a canty lad, and juſt the lad for me;
For while he o'er the meadow ſtrays, he's ay ſa canty, ay ſa gay,
And aft right happy does he ſay, there's nane he loes like me.
For he's ay kiſſing, ay clapping, ay dawting and ſqueezing,
Ay kiſſing, kiſſing me, he winna let me be.

I met my lad the tither day, friſking o'er a field of hay,
Says he, dear laſſie, will you ſtay, and crack a while wi' me;
Na Jockey, lad, I dare na ſtay, my minie ſhe'll miſs me away,
Then flyte and ſcold a day, an' play the deil wi' me.
But Jockey ſtill continued hugging, tugging, dawting, ſqueezing,
Ay kiſſing, kiſſing, clapping, winna let me be.

Now Jockey ſee my hair's a' down, and ſee you've torn a' my gown,
How will I get through the town, come Jockey tell to me,

But he ne'er minded what I ſaid, but wi' my neck and boſom play'd,
Though I intreated, beg'd, and pray'd him not to tuzzle me.
But Jockey ſtill continu'd hugging, tugging, dawting, ſqueezing,
Ay kiſſing, kiſſing me, till baith down came we.

As breathleſs and fatigu'd I lay, in his arms amang the hay,
My blood faſt through my veins did play, as he lay hugging me;
I thought my breath would never laſt, for Jockey danc'd ſo deviliſh faſt,
But what came o'er, I true, at laſt, there's deil ane kens but me.
For ſoon he weary'd o' his dance, and a his jumping and his prance,
And confeſt without romance, he was fain to let me be.

---

*Skaiting Duet.*

This bleak and froſty morning,
All thought of danger ſcorning,
This bleak and froſty morning,
All thought of danger ſcorning,

Our ſpirits briſkly flowing, were all in a glow,
Thro' the ſparkling ſnow, while a ſkaiting we go,
With a fa, la, la, la, la, la, to the ſound of—
The merry, merry horn.

From the right to the left we are plying,
Swifter than winds now flying,
From the right, &c.
In circles we ſleep, or poiſe ſtill we keep,
Behold how we ſweep, the face of the deep.
With a fa, la, la, la, la, la, la, to the ſonnd of—
The merry, merry horn.

Great Jove looks on us ſmiling,
Who thus the time beguiling,
Great Jove, &c.
Where the waters he ſeal, ſtill rove on our keel,
Our weapons are ſteel, and no dangers we feel,
With a fa, la, la, la, la, la, la, to the ſound of—
The merry, merry horn.

See, ſee our train advances,
See how each ſkaiter lances,
Spheres on ſpheres ſurrounding,
Health and ſtrength abounding,
The Tritons ſhall blow, their conch ſhells below,
And their beards fear to ſhow, while a ſkaiting
we go,
With a fa, la, la, la, la, la, la, to the ſound of—
The merry, merry horn.

*Alone by the light of the Moon.*

When fairies dance round on the graſs,
Who revel all night in a roun,'
Then ſay, will you meet me, ſweet laſs,
Alone, by the light of the moon?
Then ſay, &c.

Firſt ſwear you will never deceive
The laſs you have conquer'd ſo ſoon,
Nor leave a loſt maiden to grieve,
Alone by the light of the moon.
Nor leave, &c.

I ſwear to be conſtant and true,
Nor would I be falſe for a crown:
I'll meet you at twelve on the green,
Alone by the light of the moon,
I'll meet, &c.

The nightingale perch'd on the thorn,
Enchants ev'ry ear with her ſong,
And is glad on the abſence of morn,
To ſalute the pale light of the moon.
And is, &c.

How ſweet is the jeſſamin grove!
How ſweet are the roſes in June!
More ſweet is the language of love,
Breath'd forth by the light of the moon.
More ſweet, &c.

## *The Sailors wat'ry grave.*

WHILE o'er the raging roaring ſeas,
The ſailors heart is ſore oppreſt,
While landſmen ſafe, with health and eaſe,
For wives and children we've no reſt;
To them perhaps ne'er ſhall return,
Our little ſavings cannot ſave,
But we are loſt! and they long mourn,
The ſailors cold! cold! watry grave.

Kind landſmen, oh! reflect a while,
The awful ſcenes that us befall,
On ſailors orphans caſt a ſmile,
Poor hearts! ſhou'd they for pity call;
To them perhaps ne'er to return,
Our little ſavings cannot ſave,
But we are loſt! and they long mourn,
The ſailors cold! cold! wat'ry grave.

---

## *Contented I am.*

CONTENTED I am, and contented I'll be;
Reſolv'd in this life to live happy and free,
With the cares of the world I'm ſeldom perplex'd,
I'm ſometimes uneaſy, but never am vex'd;
Some higher, ſome lower, I own there may be,
But there's more who live worſe, than live better than me.

My life is a compound of freedom and eaſe;
I go when I will, and return when I pleaſe;
I live above envy, alſo above ſtrife;
And wiſh I had judgment to chooſe a good wife;
I'm neither ſo low nor ſo high in degree,
But ambition and want are both ſtrangers to me.

Did you know how delightful my gay hours do paſs,
With my bottle before me, embrac'd by my laſs;
I'm happy while with her, contented alone,
My wine is my kingdom, my caſk is my throne;
My glaſs is the ſceptre by which I ſhall reign,
And my whole privy council's a flaſk of champaign.

When money comes in, I live till it's gone;
While I have it, quite happy, contented with none.
If I loſe it at gaming, I think it but lent;
If I ſpend it genteelly, I'm always content:
Thus in mirth and good humour my gay hours
do paſs,
And on Saturday's night I am juſt as I was.

---

## *The Bagrie O't.*

When I think on this warld's pelf,
And how little I hae o't to myſelf;
I ſigh when I look to my thread-bare coat,
And ſhame fa' the geer and the bagrie o't.

Johnny was the lad that held the plough,
But now he has got goud and gear enough;
I weel mind the day when he was nae worth a groat,
And ſhame fa' the gear and the bagrie o't.

Jenny was the laſs that mucked the byre,
But now ſhe goes in her ſilken attire:
And ſhe was a laſs who wore a plaiding coat,
And ſhame fa' the gear and the bagrie o't.

Yet a' this ſhall never danton me,
Sae lang's I keep my fancy free:
While I've but a penny to pay t'other pot,
May ſhame fa' the gear and the bagrie o't.

## *Dans Votre Lit.*

Dans votre lit, my Fanny ſay,
When paſt the buſy hours of day;
Stay and let me happy be,
To find you ſometimes think on me,
*Dans votre lit.*

But whether abſent or in view,
My thoughts are fondly bent on you;
When in my dreams I'm full of glee,
And in my arms embracing thee,
*Dans votre lit.*

But ſoon as dawn appears, my fair,
The bliſsful viſion's loſt in air;

Conſent and you ſhall quickly ſee,
'Twill make it ſweet reality,
*Dans votre lit.*

The ſoft confeſſion make, my fair,
And with it glad my raptur'd ear;
And in return I'll ſwear to thee,
Ten thouſand worlds I'd give to be
*Dans votre lit.*

---

## *Nancy of the Dale.*

My Nancy leaves the rural train,
A camp's diſtreſs to prove;
All other ills ſhe can ſuſtain,
But living from her love:
Yet, deareſt, tho' your ſoldier's there,
Will not your ſpirit fail,
To mark the dangers you muſt ſhare,
Dear Nancy of the dale?
Dear Nancy, &c.

Or ſhould you, love, each danger ſcorn,
Ah! how ſhall I ſecure
Your health—'mid toils which you were borne
To ſooth—but not endure:
A thouſand perils I muſt view,
A thouſand ills aſſail;

Nor muſt I tremble e'en for you,
Dear Nancy of the dale.
Dear Nancy, &c.

---

*Plato's Advice.*

Says Plato, why ſhould man be vain,
Since bounteous heav'n hath made him great?
Why looketh he with inſolent diſdain,
On thoſe undeck'd with wealth or ſtate!
Can coſtly robes, or beds of down,
Or all the gems that deck the fair;
Can all the glories of a crown,
Give health or eaſe the brow of care.

The ſcepter'd king, the burthen'd ſlave,
The humble, and the haughty die;
The rich, the poor, the baſe, the brave,
In duſt, without diſtinction lie:
Go, ſearch the tombs where monarch's reſt,
Who once the greateſt titles wore,
Of wealth and glory they're bereft,
And all their honours are no more.

So flies the meteor thro' the ſkies,
And ſpreads along a gilded train;
When ſhot—'tis gone—its beauty dies—
Diſſolves to common air again:

So 'tis with us, my jovial ſouls,
Let friendſhip reign, while here we ſtay;
Let's crown our joys with flowing bowls,
When Jove commands we muſt obey.

---

*Amo, amas.*

AMO amas,
I love a laſs,
As a cedar tall and ſlender:
Sweet Cowſlip's grace,
Is her nomn'tive caſe,
And ſhe's of the feminine gender.

CHORUS.

Rorum corum,
Sunt divorum,
Divo!——
Tag rag, merry derry, perriwig and hat-band,
Hic, hoc, horum, genativo!

Can I decline,
A nymph divine?
Her voice like a flute is dulcis;
Her oculus bright,
Her manus white,
And ſoft, when I tacto, her pulſe is.
Rorum corum, &c.

Oh my bella,
My puella!
I'll kiſs, ſecula ſeculorum;
If I've luck, ſir,
She's my uxor;
O dies benidictorum!
Rorum corum, &c.

---

*Buſh Aboon Traquair.*

HEAR me, ye nymphs, and ev'ry ſwain,
I'll tell how Peggy grieves me;
Though thus I languiſh, thus complain,
Alas! ſhe ne'er believes me.
My vows and ſighs, like ſilent air,
Unheeded never move her.
At the bonny buſh aboon Traquair,
'Twas there I firſt did love her.

That day ſhe ſmil'd, and made me glad,
No maid ſeem'd ever kinder;
I thought myſelf the luckieſt lad,
So ſweetly there to find her.
I try'd to ſooth my am'rous flame,
In words that I thought tender;
If more there paſs'd I'm not to blame,
I meant not to offend her.

Yet now ſhe ſcornful flies the plain,
The fields we then frequented;

If e'er we meet, ſhe ſhews diſdain,
  She looks as ne'er acquainted.
The bonny buſh bloom'd fair in May,
  Its ſweets I'll ay remember;
But now her frowns make it decay,
  It fades as in December.

Ye rural pow'rs, who hear my ſtrains,
  Why thus ſhould Peggy grieve me?
Oh! make her partner in my pains,
  Then let her ſmiles relieve me.
If not, my love will turn deſpair,
  My paſſion nae mair tender;
I'll leave the buſh aboon Traquair,
  To lonely wilds I'll wander.

---

*Flowers of Edinburgh.*

My love was once a bonny lad,
  He was the flower of all his kin,
The abſence of his bonny face
  Has rent my tender heart in twain.
I day nor night find no delight;
  In ſilent tears I ſtill complain;
And exclaim 'gainſt thoſe my rival foes,
  That ha'e ta'en from me my darling ſwain.

Deſpair and anguiſh fills my breaſt,
  Since I have loſt my blooming roſe;
I ſigh and moan while others reſt;
  His abſence yields me no repoſe.

To ſeek my love I'll range and rove,
Thro' ev'ry grove and diſtant plain;
Thus I'll ne'er ceaſe, but ſpend my days,
To hear tidings from my darling ſwain.

There's naething ſtrange in nature's change,
Since parent's ſhew ſuch cruelty;
They caus'd my love from me to range,
And knows not to what deſtiny.
The pretty kids and tender lambs
May ceaſe to ſport upon the plain;
But I'll mourn and lament in deep diſcontent
For the abſence of my darling ſwain.

Kind Neptune, let me thee entreat,
To ſend a fair and pleaſant gale;
Ye dolphins ſweet, upon me wait,
And convey me on your tail;
Heavens bleſs my voyage with ſucceſs,
While croſſing of the raging main,
And ſend me ſafe o'er to that diſtant ſhore,
To meet my lovely darling ſwain.

All joy and mirth at our return
Shall then abound from Tweed to Tay?
The bells ſhall ring, and ſweet birds ſing,
To grace and crown our nuptial day,
Thus bleſs'd wi' charms in my love's arms,
My heart once more I will regain;
Then I'll range no more to a diſtant ſhore,
But in love will enjoy my darling ſwain.

*Ah! Chloris.* Tune, *Gilderoy.*

Ah! Chloris, could I now but ſit
As unconcern'd as when
Your infant beauty could beget
No happineſs nor pain.
When I this dawning did admire,
And prais'd the coming day,
I little thought that riſing fire
Would take my reſt away.

Your charms in harmleſs childhood lay,
As metals in a mine.
Age from no face takes more away,
Than youth conceal'd in thine.
But as your charms inſenſibly,
To their perfection preſt:
So love as unperceiv'd did fly,
And center'd in my breaſt.

My paſſion with your beauty grew,
While Cupid at my heart,
Still as his mother favour'd you,
Threw a new flaming dart.
Each gloried in their wanton part:
To make a lover, he
Employ'd the utmoſt of his art;
To make a beauty, ſhe.

## *Hap me wi' thy Petticoat.*

O Bell, thy looks hae kill'd my heart,
I paſs the day in pain;
When night returns I feel the ſmart,
And wiſh for thee in vain.
I'm ſtarving cold, while thou art warm;
Have pity and incline,
And grant me for a hap that charming petticoat of thine.

My raviſh'd fancy in amaze
Still wanders o'er thy charms,
Deluſive dreams ten thouſand ways
Preſent thee to my arms.
But waking think what I endure,
While cruel you decline
Thoſe pleaſures, which alone can cure
This panting breaſt of mine.

I faint, I fail, and wildly rove,
Becauſe you ſtill deny
The juſt reward that's due to love,
And let true paſſion die.
Oh! turn, and let compaſſion ſeize
That lovely breaſt of thine;
Thy petticoat could give me eaſe,
If thou and it were mine.

Sure Heaven has fitted for delight
That beauteous form of thine,

And thou'rt too good its law to ſlight,
By hind'ring the deſign;
May all the powers of love agree,
At length to make thee mine;
Or looſe my chains, and ſet me free
From ev'ry charm of thine.

---

*Lochaber no More.*

FAREWELL to Lochaber, and farewell, my Jean,
Where heartſome with thee I have mony day been;
For Lochaber no more, Lochaber no more,
We'll may be return to Lochaber no more.
Theſe tears that I ſhed they are a' for my dear,
And no for the dangers attending on weir;
Tho' bore on rough ſeas to a far bloody ſhore,
May be to return to Lochaber no more,

Tho' hurricanes riſe, and raiſe ev'ry wind,
They'll ne'er make a tempeſt like that in my mind;
Tho' loudeſt of thunder on louder waves roar,
That's naething like leaving my love on the ſhore,
To leave thee behind me, my heart is ſair pain'd;
By eaſe that's inglorious no fame can be gain'd;
And beauty and love's the reward of the brave,
And I maun deſerve it before I can crave.

Then glory, my Jeany, maun plead my excuſe;
Since honour commands me, how can I refuſe?

Without it I ne'er can have merit for thee,
And without thy favour I'd better not be.
I gae then, my laſs, to win honour and fame,
And if I ſhould luck to come glorioufly hame.
I'll bring a heart to thee with love running o'er,
And then I'll leave thee and Lochaber no more.

---

## *Peaty's Mill.*

The laſs of Peaty's mill,
So bonny, blithe, and gay,
In ſpite of all my ſkill,
Hath ſtole my heart away.
When tedding of the hay
Bare-headed on the green,
Love 'midſt her locks did play,
And wanton'd in her een.

Her arms, white, round, and ſmooth,
Breaſts riſing in their dawn,
To age it would give youth,
To preſs 'em with his hand:
Thro' all my ſpirits ran
An extaſy of bliſs,
When I ſuch ſweetneſs fand
Wrapt in a balmy kiſs.

Without the help of art,
Like flowers which grace the wild,
She did her ſweets impart,
Whene'er ſhe ſpoke or ſmil'd.

Her looks they were ſo mild,
Free from affected pride,
She me to love beguil'd,
I wiſh'd her for my bride.

O had I all the wealth
Hoptoun's high mountain's fill,
Inſur'd long life and health,
And pleaſure at my will;
I'd promiſe and fulfil,
That none but bonny ſhe,
The laſs of Peaty's mill
Sou'd ſhare the ſame with me,

---

## *Roſlin Caſtle.*

'Twas in that ſeaſon of the year,
When all things gay and ſweet appear,
That Colin, with the morning ray,
Aroſe and ſung his rural lay.
Of Nanny's charms the ſhepherd ſung,
The hills and dales with Nanny rung,
While Roſlin caſtle heard the ſwain,
And echo'd back the cheerful ſtrain.

Awake, ſweet muſe, the breathing ſpring
With rapture warms, awake and ſing;
Awake, and join the vocal throng,
And hail the morning with a ſong;

To Nanny raiſe the cheerful lay,
O bid her haſte and come away;
In ſweeteſt ſmiles herſelf adorn,
And add new graces to the morn.

O hark, my love, on every ſpray
Each feather'd warbler tunes his lay;
'Tis beauty fires the raviſh'd throng,
And love inſpires the melting ſong;
Then let my raviſh'd notes ariſe,
For beauty darts from Nanny's eyes,
And love my riſing boſom warms,
And fills my ſoul with ſweet alarms.

O come, my love, thy Colin's lay,
With rapture calls, O come away;
Come, while the muſe this wreath ſhall twine
Around that modeſt brow of thine:
O hither haſte, and with thee bring
That beauty, blooming like the ſpring,
Thoſe graces that divinely ſhine,
And charm this raviſh'd heart of mine.

---

*Low down in the Broom.*

My daddy is a cankar'd carle,
He'll nae twin wi' his gear;
My minny ſhe's a ſcalding wife,
Had's a' the houſe a-ſteer:

But let them ſay, or let them do,
It's a' ane to me;
For he's low down, he's in the broom,
That's waiting on me.
Waiting on me, my love,
He's waiting on me;
For he's low down, he's in the broom,
That's waiting on me.

My aunty Kate ſits at her wheel,
And ſair ſhe lightlies me;
But weel ken I it's a' envy,
For ne'er a jo has ſhe.
But let them, &c.

My couſin Kate was ſair beguil'd
Wi' Johnny i' the glen;
And ay ſinſyne ſhe cries, Beware
Of falſe deluding men.
But let them, &c.

Glied Sandy he came waſt ae night,
And ſpier'd when I ſaw Pate;
And ay ſinſyne the neighbours round
They jeer me air and late.
But let them, &c.

Now Jenny ſhe's gane down the broom,
And it's to meet wi' Pate;
But what they ſaid, or what they did,
'Tis needleſs to repeat:
But let them, &c.

But they ſeem'd blyth and weel content,
Sae merry ma't they be;
For a conſtant ſwain has Pattie prov'd,
and nae leſs kind was ſhe.

Ye'ave waited on me, my love,
Ye'ave waited on me,
Ye'ave waited lang amang the broom,
Now I am bound to thee.

Sae let them ſay, or let them do,
'Tis a' ane to me;
For I have vow'd to love you, lad,
Until the day I die.

---

## *My Jo Janet.*

Sweet Sir, for your courteſie,
When ye come by the Baſs then,
For the love ye bear to me,
Buy me a keeking-glaſs then.
Keek into the draw-well, Janet, Janet,
And there ye'll ſee your bonny ſell, my jo Janet.

Keeking in the draw-well clear,
What if I ſhould fa' in,
Syne a' my kin will ſay and ſwear,
I drown'd myſel for ſin.
Had the better by the brae, Janet, Janet;
Had the better by the brae, my jo Janet.

Good Sir, for your courteſie,
Coming thro' Aberdeen then,
For the love ye bear to me,
Buy me a pair of ſhoon then.
Clout the auld, the new are dear, Janet, Janet;
Ae pair may gain ye ha'f a year, my jo Janet.

But what if dancing on the green,
And ſkipping like a mawkin,
If they ſhould ſee my clouted ſhoon,
Of me they will be tauking.
Dance ay laigh and late at een, Janet, Janet;
Syne a' there faults will no be ſeen, my jo Janet.

Kind Sir, for your courteſie,
When ye gae to the croſs then,
For the love ye bear to me,
Buy me a pacing horſe then.
Pace upo' your ſpinning-wheel, Janet, Janet,
Pace upo' your ſpinning-wheel, my jo Janet.

My ſpinning-wheel is auld and ſtiff,
The rock o't winna ſtand, Sir,
To keep the temper-pin in tiff,
Employs aft my hand, Sir.
Mak the beſt o't that ye can, Janet, Janet;
But like it never wale a man, my jo Janet.

*Woo'd and married and a'.*

Woo'd and married and a',
Woo'd and married and a',
Was ſhe nae very weel aff,
Was woo'd and married and a'.

The bride came out of the byre,
And O as ſhe dighted her cheeks,
Sirs, I'm to be married the night,
And has neither blankets nor ſheets,
Has neither blankets nor ſheets,
Nor ſcarce a coverlet too;
The bride that has a' to borrow
Has e'en right meikle ado.
Woo'd, and married, &c.

Out ſpake the bride's father,
As he came in frae the plough;
O had your tongue, my doughter,
And ye's get gear enough;
The ſtirk that ſtands i' the tether,
And our bra' baſin'd yade,
Will carry ye hame your corn,
What wad ye be at, ye jad?
Woo'd and married, &c.

Out ſpake the bride's mither,
What d---l needs a' this pride;
I had nae a plack in my pouch,
That night I was a bride;

My gown was linſy-woolſy,
And ne'er a ſark ava;
And ye hae ribbons and buſkins,
Mae than ane or twa.
Woo'd and married, &c.

What's the matter, quo' Willie,
Tho' we be ſcant o' claiths,
We'll creep the nearer the gither,
And we'll ſmore a' the flaes:
Simmer is coming on,
And we'll get teats of woo;
And we'll get a laſs o' our ain,
And ſhe'll ſpin claiths enew.
Woo'd and married, &c.

Out ſpake the bride's brither,
As he came in wi' the ky;
Poor Willie had ne'er a ta'en ye,
Had he kent ye as weel as I;
For you're baith proud and ſaucy,
And no for a poor man's wife;
Gin I canna get a better,
Iſe ne'er tak ane i' my life.
Woo'd and married, &c.

Out ſpake the bride's ſiſter,
As ſhe came in frae the byre;
O gin I were but married,
It's a' that I deſire;
But we poor ſo'k maun live ſingle,
And do the beſt we can;

I dinna care what I ſhou'd want,
If I cou'd get but a man.
Woo'd and married, &c.

---

*Katty's Anſwer.*

My mither's ay glowran o'er me,
Tho' ſhe did the ſame before me;
I canna get leave to look on my love,
Or elſe ſhe'll be like to devour me.

Right fain wad I tak ye'r offer,
Sweet Sir, but I'll tyne my tocher;
Then, Sandy, ye'll fret, and wyte ye're poor Kate,
Whene'er ye keek in your toom coffer.

For tho' my father has plenty
Of ſiller and pleniſhing dainty,
Yet he's unco' ſweer to twin wi' his gear;
And ſae we had need to be tenty.

Tutor my parents wi' caution,
Be wylie in ilka motion:
Brag weel o' ye'er land, and there's my leal hand,
Win them, I'm at your devotion.

*We're gaily yet.*

We're gayly yet, and we're gayly yet,
And we're no very fou, but we're gayly yet,
Then ſit ye a while and tipple a bit,
For we're no very fou, but we're gayly yet.

There was a lad, and they ca'd him Dicky,
He gae me a kiſs, and I bit his lippy;
Then under my apron he ſhow'd me a trick;
And we're no very fou, but we're gayly yet.
And we're gayly yet, &c.

There were three lads, and they were clad,
There were three laſſes, and they them had,
Three trees in the orchard are newly ſprung,
And we's a' get gear enough, we're but young.

Then up wi't Aillie, Aillie,
Up wi't, Aillie, now,
Then up wi't, Aillie, quo' cummer,
We's a' get roaring fou.

And one was kiſs'd in the barn,
Another was kiſs'd on the green,
The third behind the peaſe ſtack,
Till the mow flew up to her een.
Then up wi't, &c.

Now fy, John Thomſon, rin,
Gin ever ye ran in your life;

De'il get ye, but hey, my dear Jack,
There's a man got a-bed with your wife.
Then up wi't, &c.

Then away John Thomſon ran,
And I trow he ran wi' ſpeed;
But before he had run his length,
The falſe loon had done the deed.
We're gayly yet, &c.

---

## *The happy Fellow.*

With my jug in one hand, and my pipe in the other,
I'll drink to my neighbour and friend;
My cares in a whiff of tobacco I'll ſmother,
Since life I know ſhortly muſt end:
While Ceres moſt kindly refils my brown jug,
With good ale I'll make myſelf mellow;
In my old wicker chair I'll ſet myſelf ſnug,
Like a jolly and true-hearted fellow.

I'll ne'er trouble my head with the cares of the nation;
I've enough of my own for to mind;
For the cares of this life are but grief and vexation,
To death we muſt all be conſign'd:
Then I laugh, drink, and ſmoke, and leave nothing to pay,
But drop like a pear that is mellow;

And when cold in my coffin I'll leave them to ſay,
He's gone, what a hearty good fellow!

---

*Loch-Erock Side.*

As I came by Loch-Erock ſide,
The lofty hills ſurveying,
The water clear, the heather bells
Their fragrant ſweets conveying;
I met unthought my lovely laſs,
I found her like May morning,
With bluſhes ſweet and charms ſae rare,
Her perſon all adorning.

Sae kind her looks, how bleſt was I,
When in my arms I claſp'd her,
And ſhe her wiſhes ſcarce conceal'd,
As fondly I careſs'd her;
She ſaid, if that ye'll conſtant prove,
And evermore will love me,
I heed not Care's nor Fortune's frown,
Nor ought but death ſhall move me.

But conſtant, loving, true and kind,
For ever you will find me,
And of our meeting here ſae ſweet,
Loch-Erock ſide ſhall mind me.
Inraptur'd then, my lovely maid,
I cry'd nae mair we'll tarry,
But leave the ſweet Loch-Erock ſide,
For lovers ſoon ſhould marry.

## *The diſconſolate Sailor.*

When my money was gone which I gain'd in the wars,
And the world 'gan to frown on my fate;
What matter'd my zeal or my honoured ſcars,
When indifference ſtood at each gate.

The face that would ſmile when my purſe was well lin'd,
Show'd a different aſpect to me;
And when I could nought but ingratitude find,
I hi'd once again to the ſea.

I thought it unwiſe to repine at my lot,
Or to bear with cold looks on the ſhore;
So I pack'd up the trifling remnants I'd got,
And a trifle, alas! was my ſtore.

A handkerchief held all the treaſure I had,
Which over my ſhoulder I threw;
Away then I trudg'd with a heart rather ſad,
To join with ſome jolly ſhip's crew.

The ſea was leſs troubled by far than my mind,
For when the wide main I ſurvey'd,
I could not help thinking the world was unkind,
And Fortune a ſlippery jade.

And I vow'd if once I could take her in tow,
I'd let the ungrateful ones ſee,

That the turbulent winds and the billows could
ſhow
More kindneſs than they did to me.

---

*The merry Sailor.*

How pleaſant a ſailor's life paſſes,
Who roams o'er the watery main;
No treaſure he ever amaſſes,
But cheerfully ſpends all his gain:
We're ſtrangers to party and faction,
To honour and honeſty true,
And would not commit a baſe action,
For power and profit in view.

CHORUS.

Then why ſhould we quarrel for riches,
Or any ſuch glittering toys?
A light heart and a thin pair of breeches,
Goes thro' the world, my brave boys.

The world is a beautiful garden,
Enrich'd with the bleſſings of life;
The toiler with plenty rewarding,
But plenty too often breeds ſtrife;
When terrible tempeſts aſſail us,
And mountainous billows affright,
No grandeur nor wealth can avail us.
But ſkilful induſtry ſteers right.
Then why, &c.

The courtier's more ſubject to dangers,
Who rules at the helm of the ſtate;
Than we, who to politics ſtrangers,
Eſcape the ſnares laid for the great:
The numerous bleſſings of nature,
In various nations we try;
No mortals on earth can be greater,
We merrily live till we die.
Then why, &c.

---

## *The Sailor's Conſolation.*

Jack was ſo comely, ſo pleaſant, ſo jolly,
Tho' winds blew great guns, ſtill he'd whiſtle and ſing;
Jack lov'd his friends, and was true to his Molly;
And if honour gives greatneſs, was great as a king.
One night as we drove with two reefs in the mainſail,
And the ſcud came on low'ring upon a lee-ſhore,
Jack went up a loft for to hand the top-ga'ntſail,
A ſpray waſh'd him off, and we ne'er ſaw him more.
We ne'er ſaw him more!

CHORUS.

But grieving's a folly;
Come, let us be jolly,
If we've troubles at ſea, boys,
We've pleaſures aſhore.

Whiffling Tom ſtill of miſchief or fun in the middle,
Thro' life in all weathers at random would jog,
He'd dance, and he'd ſing, and he'd play on the fiddle,
And ſwig with an air his allowance of grog:
Long-ſide of a Don, in the Terrible frigate,
As yard arm and yard arm we lay off the ſhore,
In and out whiffling Tom did ſo caper and jig it,
That his head was ſhot off, and we ne'er ſaw him more!
But grieving's a folly, &c.

Bonny Ben was to each jolly meſſmate a brother,
He was manly and honeſt, good-natur'd, and free;
If ever one tar was more true than another,
To his friend and his duty, that ſailor was he:
One day with the david to heave the cadge anchor,
Ben went in a boat, on a bold craggy ſhore;
He overboard tipt, when a ſhark and a ſpanker
Soon nipt him in two, and we ne'er ſaw him more.
But grieving's a folly, &c.

But what of it all, lads, ſhall we be down-hearted?
Becauſe that, mayhap, we now take our laſt ſup;
Life's cable muſt one day or other be parted,
And death in faſt mooring will bring us all up;
But 'tis always the way on't, one ſcarce finds a brother
Fond as pitch, honeſt, hearty, and true to the core,
But by battle, or ſtorm, or ſome d----'d thing or other,
He's popp'd off the hooks, and we ne'er ſee him more. But grieving's a folly, &c.

## *The Tar for all Weathers.*

I SAIL'D from the Downs in the Nancy,
My jib, how ſhe ſmack'd thro' the breeze,
She's a veſſel quite rigg'd to my fancy,
As ever ſail'd on the ſalt ſeas.
Then adieu to the white cliffs of Britain,
Our girls and our dear native ſhore;
For if ſome hard rock we ſhou'd ſplit on,
We ne'er ſhould ſee them any more.

CHORUS.

But ſailors are born for all weathers,
Great guns let it blow high, blow low,
Our duty keeps us to our teathers,
And where the gale drives we muſt go.

When we enter'd the gut of Gibraltar,
I verily thought ſhe'd have ſunk,
For the wind ſo began for to alter;
She yaul'd juſt as tho' ſhe was drunk,
The ſquall tore the mainſail to ſhivers,
Helm a-weather, the hoarſe boatſwain cries;
Set the foreſail a'thwart ſea, ſhe quivers,
As thro' the rough tempeſt ſhe flies.
But ſailors, &c.

The ſtorm came on thicker and faſter,
As black then as pitch was the ſky;
But then what a dreadful diſaſter
Befel three poor ſeamen and I;

Ben Buntlen, Sam Shroud, and Dick Handfail,
By a gale that came furious and hard;
And as we were furling the mainfail,
We were every foul fwept from the yard.
But failors, &c.

Poor Ben, Sam, and Dick cried peccavi,
When I at the rifk of my neck,
While in peace they funk down to old Davy,
Caught a rope, and fo landed on deck.
Well, what would you have, we were ftranded,
And out of a fine jolly crew,
Of three hundred that fail'd, never landed,
But I, and I think, twenty-two.
But failors, &c.

At laft then at fea having miſcarried,
Another gueſs way fet the wind;
To England I came and got married,
To a laſs that was comely and kind.
But whether for joy or vexation,
We know not for what we were born;
Perhaps we may find a kind ſtation,
Perhaps we may touch at Cape Horn.
But failors, &c.

---

*Britannia, or, the Death of Wolfe.*

In a mouldering cave, a wretched retreat,
Britannia ſat waſted with care:

She wept for her Wolfe, then exclaim'd againſt Fate,
And gave herſelf up to deſpair.
The walls of her cell ſhe had ſculptur'd around
With th' exploits of her fav'rite ſon;
Nay, ev'n the duſt, as it lay on the ground,
Was engrav'd with ſome deeds he had done.

The ſire of the Gods, from his chryſtaline throne,
Beheld the diſconſolate dame,
And, mov'd with her tears, ſent Mercury down,
And theſe were the tidings that came:
"Britannia forbear, not a ſigh nor a tear,
For thy Wolfe ſo deſervedly lov'd;
Thy grief ſhall be chang'd into tumults of joy,
For Wolfe is not dead, but remov'd.

"The ſons of the earth, the proud giants of old,
Have fled from their darkſome abodes;
And, ſuch is the news that in heaven is told,
They are marching to war with the Gods.
A council was held in the chamber of Jove,
And this was their final decree;
That Wolfe ſhould be call'd to the army above,
And the charge was entruſted to me.

"To the plains of Quebec with the orders I flew,
Wolfe begg'd for a moment's delay:
He cry'd, "Oh, forbear, let me victory hear,
"And then the commands I'll obey."
With a dark'ning film I encompaſs'd his eyes,
And bore him away in an urn;

Leſt the fondneſs he bore to his own native ſhore
Might tempt him again to return."

---

## *Mind, Huſſy, what ye do.*

When I was of a tender age,
And in my youthful prime,
My mother often in a rage,
Cried, girl, take care in time;
For you're of late ſo forward grown,
The men will you purſue;
And all day along it was her tone,
Mind, huſſy, what ye do.

CHORUS.

Mind, huſſy, what you do, you do,
Mind, huſſy, what you do;
And all day along it was her tone,
Mind, huſſy, what you do.

Regardleſs of her fond advice,
I haſten'd o'er the plain,
Where I was courted in a trice,
By each young ſylvan ſwain:
But, by the by, I do declare,
A lad I had in view,
Altho' it was my mother's cry,
Mind, huſſy, what you do.
Mind, huſſy, &c.

To Damon, gayeſt of the green,
I gave my youthful hand,
His blooming face and comely mein,
I could not well withſtand;
O then to church we tripp'd away,
With hearts both light and true;
And now my mother ceas'd to cry,
Mind, huſſy, what you do.
Mind, huſſy, &c.

Now, ladies all, I pray attend,
And hence this leſſon learn,
If to your mind a man you find,
Look not moroſe nor ſtern;
But take him with a free good will,
If he's got love for you,
Altho' your mother's crying ſtill,
Mind, huſſy, what you do.

Mind, huſſy, what you do,
Mind, huſſy, what you do, you do,
Mind, huſſy, what you do;
Altho' your mother's crying ſtill,
Mind, huſſy, what you do.

---

*I'd think on thee, my Love.*

In ſtorms when clouds obſcure the ſky,
And thunders roll, and lightning's fly,

In midſt of all theſe dire alarms,
I think, my Sally, on thy charms.
The troubled main,
The wind and rain,
My ardent paſſion prove,
Laſh'd to the helm,
Should ſeas o'erwhelm,
I'd think on thee, my love.

When rocks appear on every ſide,
And art is vain the ſhip to guide,
In varied ſhapes when death appears,
The thoughts of thee my boſom cheers.
The troubled main, &c.

But ſhou'd the gracious pow'rs be kind,
Diſpel the gloom and ſtill the wind,
And waft me to thy arms once more,
Safe to my long-loſt native ſhore;
No more the main,
I'd tempt again,
But tender joys improve;
I'd then with thee
Should happy be,
And think on nought but love.

THE END.

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